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MR. DALTON'S EXTINGUISHER

RESISTING many temptations, Mr. Dalton has heeded neither the "baleful Bourbons" who exhorted him to find in deflation a short cut to the solution of all our economic troubles, nor the "eat, drink and be merry" school who would have had him turn a blind eye to the dangers of inflation in order to give the general body of taxpayers a psychological "shot" of exhilarating reliefs. Instead, he has asked Parliament to endorse a Budget which is courageous, unpopular and, in its broad intentions, impeccable.

By those who hold that the Chancellor's primary objective should have been to hearten the country by giving it some easement from fiscal austerity, it will be argued that the surplus of £270 millions at which the Budget aims is needlessly high, and neutralises the commendable decision to adhere boldly to the policy of cheap money and not to reduce—at any rate for the present—the mounting subsidies required to stabilise the cost of certain essential foodstuffs. This argument, in our view, is carrying anti-deflationism to extremes. In the estimated 1947-48 revenue on which Mr. Dalton relies, no less than £292 millions represent a non-recurring windfall in the shape of miscellaneous receipts accruing largely from unspent past votes of credit. Moreover, there will be outgoings of £460 millions in war damage payments, E.P.T. refunds and repayments to old people of post-war tax credits. These will not be charged to revenue, but will figure as "under the line" expenditure covered by borrowing. Thus, even if an optimistic view be taken of the probable volume of personal savings, undistributed profits and the provision which industry will make for depreciation, it is overwhelmingly clear that the surplus in the Budget proper is by no means an unduly large bulwark against the potential inflationary tide, even if the fixed capital expenditure which has to be financed in the coming year does not exceed the conservative figure of £1,400 millions contemplated in the "Economic Survey."

If the Budget's basic assumption, that there could be no net decrease in tax revenue, be accepted, there is room for criticism only of the changes made by Mr. Dalton in the incidence of taxation. Smokers are hard hit: the punitive increase in the tobacco duties will fall heavily on pensioners and on working-class households whose incomes are too low to benefit substantially from the new income-tax concessions; and opponents of regressive taxation can fairly complain that in a full year the tax changes reduce Inland Revenue by £33 millions while adding £86 millions to receipts from Customs and Excise. Indeed, Mr. Dalton has not yet demonstrated that he recognises that very high indirect taxation is socially tolerable only if there are no very wide differences between individual spendable incomes. Against this, it should be generally recognised that the case for reducing dollar expenditure on tobacco is unanswerable. We are unfortunately precluded by the lamentable commitments of the dollar loan from discriminating against imports from the U.S.A. But is it quite certain that a reduction in the consumption of tobacco could be effected only by restrictive duties? Mr. Dalton presumably considers that rationing would court the danger of creating an uncontrollable and highly objectionable black market. He will need to convince his critics that this so.

In so far as the Chancellor has been able to offset higher indirect taxation by reliefs in direct taxes on income, his concessions are in well-chosen directions. The increase in earned income allowances from one-eighth to one-sixth and the restoration of the allowance for each child to the 1939 figure of £60 mean that a married couple with two children will have their income tax reduced from £44 to £27 (or less if they hold an insurance policy) on an income of £500 a year, and from £455 to £401 on an income of £1,500 a year, after which reliefs cease to be progressive. These concessions, combined with the fact that the income of such a household will attract no direct tax at all until it reaches £7 a week, can fairly be described as providing additional incentive for earners. The only question is whether Mr. Dalton might not have gone further in redistributing taxation in the interests of greater incentives. In view of the weight of evidence that P.A.Y.E. is a definitely limiting factor in industrial effort, it is questionable whether a single man should begin to pay income tax if he earns as little as 52s. a week and that earnings by him in excess of £5 10s. in any week should attract the full standard rate of 9s. The Chancellor, we think, would have been wise to deal still more generously with earned income up to, say, £1,000 a year, and to compensate for the loss to the Treasury by increasing Estate Duties and by imposing higher rates of surtax, beginning at an income level lower than at present on the *rentier*. For a highly desirable further redistribution of taxation on such lines the proposed increase in the tax on distributed company profits (estimated to produce a comparatively modest net yield of £20 millions in a full year) is no adequate substitute.

As for the remaining relatively minor changes effected in the Budget, the reimposition of higher purchase tax on domestic heaters and cookers using electricity or gas was fully expected and is obviously sensible in view of the fuel outlook. The compensatory reductions on linoleum and certain sports goods, together with total exemption from tax of the promised "utility" silk stockings, will be welcome. There may, however, be disappointment that the Chancellor should have decided to forswear a tax on betting. Impressed by the administrative difficulties involved in taxing bets with bookmakers, he was deterred apparently by considerations of "justice" from discriminating against the readily taxable totalisator and football pool transactions. If it be conceded that all forms of gambling should attract taxation, we question whether strict regard for equity should stand in the way of applying taxes in fields where they cannot be evaded, especially since a wholesale switch from one form of gambling to another would be unlikely. After all, what fiscal purist would refrain from taxing some luxuries simply because others are beyond the reach of practicable taxation?

The sporting gambler, then, is reprieved; and so, it may be noted, is the short-term gambler on the Stock Exchange, since the increases made (very properly) by Mr. Dalton in Stamp Duties

on security transfers will not affect the speculator who buys or sells for a pick "turn" between one Account Day and another. But these are minor points of criticism. Mr. Dalton merits full credit for a Budget which does less than we had hoped to increase earners' incentives, but has at least the negative virtue of doing nothing to impede the carrying out of the planned economic programme which will be necessary in the present difficult state of Britain's post-war recovery. It is not a distinctively Socialist Budget: its beneficiaries are chiefly the professional classes in the middle income-brackets, and Treasury solvency has been achieved by a heavy impost on a pleasure which has become an ingrained habit in the mass of the population. Sir Walter Raleigh's servant achieved immortality by pouring a pail of water on his master's pioneer pipe: Mr. Dalton has clapped a still bigger extinguisher on Sir Walter's disciples.

Subsidies and Food

For some weeks before the Budget the advocates of deflation kept up a running fire against the high cost of food subsidies. The *Economist*, for instance, last week urged that a drastic reduction in the subsidies was essential. It argued that this country cannot afford for years to import all the food its people will buy if food prices are kept at an uneconomic level by Treasury assistance. Since the retention of rationing for an indefinite period is undesirable, consumption should be reduced by permitting prices to rise to something like their market level. This policy, obviously, would bear heavily upon the working-class, and Mr. Dalton seems ready to concede more than he need to those who propose it. Admittedly, these subsidies cost the taxpayer a lot of money—£392,000,000 is the estimate for the coming year—but they have played a necessary and valuable part in recent years in maintaining adequate nutrition standards and, what is perhaps more important from the financial point of view, in damping down demands for considerable wage advances. Some cuts are doubtless desirable, but Mr. Dalton has given no sign of how far he plans to go. He intends "to exercise a strong stabilising influence." But the matter really hinges upon the new cost-of-living index. The old index has become virtually useless. The new one—based upon family budgets in 1938—is to replace it only until prices have settled down. This device leaves the door wide open for financial juggling designed, on the one hand, to deter the unions from demanding wage increases, and, on the other, to justify very considerable adjustment of food prices without too much effect on the total figure of the index, since food will be given a much smaller percentage of the whole Budget. Mr. Dalton should move very cautiously in this matter. Any minor reduction of the subsidies can only be justified if the Government makes a serious attempt to curtail wasteful expenditure on other items—notably upon the Services at home and overseas.

Where Do We Go From Here ?

The latest breakdown in Moscow has come on the issue of a Four Power Pact to keep Germany disarmed. Mr. Marshall's proposal would have kept the Four Powers formally united on one issue. The Soviet refusal took the form of saying that a mere paper agreement to keep Germany disarmed must also include a working agreement about the Ruhr, the German Constitution, de-Nazification and, in fact, about many of the issues which the Ministers have so long vainly discussed. The most crucial single issue is reparations. The U.S.S.R., more terribly destroyed than Germany herself in the war, needs reparations; her leaders can only see sinister motives in the refusal of their Western Allies to use German production for the restoration of the Soviet territory that Germans devastated. Probably Russia could only have been induced to modify her reparation claim if America had been prepared to give Russia a reconstruction loan. But Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin (with the British dollar situation in mind) could not agree to a form of reparations which would mean a continuous expenditure of dollars in Germany, the benefits of which would go to Russia, while Germany remained a perpetual slum. In brief, it is clear that a settlement would only have been possible if the future of Germany and Austria had been made incidental to a general agreement on world policy. The Truman declaration that America would support anti-Soviet groups everywhere, coming at the beginning of the Moscow discussions, confirmed the view which is, it has been authoritatively suggested elsewhere, that the United States had before the Conference ruled out any hope of agreement and decided to proclaim the American Century as the only alternative to World Communism. To this declaration from Washington, supported by a vehement campaign in the American press, Russian propagandists have retorted by redoubling their anti-Western propaganda for the confusion of the citizens of the Soviet Union and its allies. Both sides have thus declared ideological war. Mr. Vyshinsky, questioned at a press conference, made no attempt to justify the strange accusation that Britain makes profits out of the Ruhr. Unless a sudden reversal follows the Marshall-Stalin interview, we are confronted with the grim fact that our One World is divided into two hostile worlds, each apparently squaring up for what is regarded by both as a probable, if not inevitable, war. The best hope of checking this Gadarene rush is for Britain to seek to create an intermediate grouping in Europe and in the Dominions independent of both America and Russia.

The Landtag Elections

All the German political parties contesting the Landtag elections must be keeping one eye cocked at Moscow. They still have no idea of the precise powers that will be awarded to the provincial Governments, or whether the Foreign Ministers will reach any agreement at all. The elections in the British Zone, therefore, are far more another trial of strength between the parties than a fight for power in local legislative bodies. At present, key positions in the trade unions or the bi-Zonal agencies are far more important to the party leaders. If there is to be no Central Government for a long time, each Landtag may indeed play a big rôle in administration. But, however much autonomy they may receive in the immediate future, they will be overshadowed by any central authority that may be set up. Control at the centre is what each party ultimately wants. As for the elections themselves, the Christian Democrats will probably secure a close victory. The electoral system is weighted in their favour. They can still afford to ignore the smaller Right-wing groups, such as the *Deutsches Rechts Partei*, and outside the Ruhr can expect to rival the aggregate Social-Democrat and Communist poll. On the Left, the Socialists will probably lose some votes to the Communists, whose prestige has risen considerably in recent weeks, especially in the factories. But it is unlikely that, even now, the Communist vote will be very large, even in Hamburg and the Ruhr. There seems, however, to be a good deal of apathy about the elections in our Zone. Survival is still the first concern of most Germans. Even the warmer weather cannot offset the drastic cuts in the fat ration, nor the failure of the food administration even to maintain distribution of the nominal rations of flour and vegetables.

Planned Publicity

There has been much talk in the press of the Government's intention to attach to Sir Edwin Plowden's planning staff an outsize in public relations officers. The merits of the proposal seem to us to depend on the new P.R.O.'s function. If he is simply to publicise Sir Edwin's activities, expound the principles and precepts of "democratic" planning, and reinforce the present poster campaign of general exhortations to greater effort, then the appointment would seem to involve needless duplication of the work of the Central Office of Information. What is, in fact, needed is not publicity for planning but the planning of publicity. As matters stand, the (often unfairly criticised) Public Relations Officers of the various Departments of State labour under the disadvantage that the Ministerial conception of their job seems to be that they should be required simply to explain and defend, after the event, Governmental decisions of which they have had little advance warning and of whose significance in relation to overall policy they are often imperfectly informed. If Information services are to earn their keep, in the sense of educating public opinion to understand and react favourably to Cabinet decisions, the officials in charge of them must include a planner of publicity fully briefed in advance with regard to the Government's intentions and thus able to issue broad directives as to how the various official publicity agencies should deal with situations likely in future to arise. There is certainly room on Sir Edwin Plowden's staff for an official charged with this responsibility.

Broadcasts to Schools

For many years the B.B.C. broadcasts to schools have contributed a great deal to our educational system. They have a uniformly high standard and are carefully planned to dovetail with normal school curricula. These broadcasts were guillotined in the first days of the electricity crisis and remained off the air all through the last school term. It is time that they were restored. But a quick decision by the Government is required. These programmes cannot be put out at a moment's notice. Unless the B.B.C. is given permission to resume them at once, it will be too late to arrange the broadcasts for the coming summer term. That means that the Schools Programme will be silent until September. It would be stupid to deprive the schools that desire it of the expert assistance of the B.B.C. The broadcasts have been sorely missed already. The amount of electricity required is minute. The programmes do not have a very wide appeal, nor are they broadcast at times of the day when very large numbers of people can listen to radio even if they wish. This is a case about which there should be no more hesitation. We can, and must, afford to put these programmes back on the air.

Science's Unbalanced Budget

Last year the Government endowed science to the extent of £50,000,000, but, as Prof. Gordon Childe points out in *The Times*, only £4,000,000 of that was spent on the biological sciences and less than £500,000 on the social sciences. Physics and chemistry took the lion's share at the expense of the "—ologies," and, at a time when our social and moral adjustments are lagging behind material developments, the human sciences get only one per cent of what is expended on the natural sciences. The concern of Government for physics and, to a lesser extent, chemistry is understandable. There is a "sellers' market" for the results of atomic and electronic research, and tremendous competition from the even more heavily endowed American physical research. It is also a commentary on the times in which we live that a very large part of all this expenditure is being spent on "defence." Even in the teaching departments of the Universities the expenditure on the social sciences is only 3 per cent of the University budgets, compared with 40 per cent on pure science and technology. Yet the Clapham Report on Social and Economic Research claims that the prospects are at least as great in the social as in the natural sciences. This is recognised by the leading natural scientists, especially those who had experience of Operational Research during the war. Confronted with the fact that even the most perfect scientific instruments (in radar, etc.), were imperfect when human "variables" were ignored, the natural scientists went out into the field to investigate

these "variables," with remarkable results. Applying pure scientific method, they sorted out social complexes. It was a salutary experience to find in the issue that the social scientists had been using similar methods and getting the same results for years. The same is true in the struggle for production. Industry and the community will not be able to absorb or apply the material discoveries of science until the human factor is accommodated. Therefore, while it is true that the human sciences do not require £120,000 cyclotrons or the physicists' expensive laboratory tools, the Government's research policy must back them more heavily.

PARLIAMENT: Budget Day

Wednesday.

ASSURED of a good attendance for his Budget speech the Chancellor set out to enjoy himself and succeeded admirably. It was a good lecture but too long, and not all the pupils enjoyed the quips as much as he did. Churchill, the bad boy of the school, kept in on a sunny afternoon, scowled continuously until Dalton confessed his inability to solve the betting tax problem, when the scowl was replaced by reminiscent laughter. Lyttelton, determined to be irritating, laughed in all the wrong places, while Anderson's face had the expression of one who knew he was too good for this class but was obliged to stay in case the lecturer said something new. Most instructive of all was the dismay of the Tory backbenchers when Dalton announced his surprisingly good Budget balance and the spontaneous Tory cheers on the occasions when the Chancellor admitted national difficulty.

The Chancellor's own supporters varied in their reactions. Those who were ignorant of economics were grateful for the humorous simplification of financial mysteries. Others, more knowledgeable, were delighted that the House was being forced to learn its A B C and that the Tories were being labelled, without any comeback from them, as one hundred per cent advocates of a deflation which "would enthrone the usurer over all, trample the common man in the dust and consolidate catastrophe." But nearly all were restive towards the end of the three-hour stretch and a number, after a few mutters of "give it a rest" to the more long-winded excursions into lucidity, forsook the peroration for a cup of tea or a packet of cigarettes before the price went up.

The attack on tobacco, although expected, almost dazed the House by its severity. Only one or two of the bravest were able to raise a murmur, except for Piratin, who shouted "Shame," and thereby gave expression to an uneasiness shared by many Labour members. Stop the useless flow of dollars, yes; but was not this a capitalist form of rationing? Surely the ingenious Chancellor could have devised some system—perhaps cigarette coupons made interchangeable with sweet coupons—which would at least have left old-age pensioners untouched. But on the whole, the Labour benches acquired a feeling of solid satisfaction from the Chancellor's statement while realising that none of its provisions was of a startlingly Socialist nature.

It was a quiet and approving House that listened to Hogg, after questions on Wednesday afternoon, asking for the Speaker to give a ruling that a *prima facie* breach of privilege existed in an article written by Garry Allighan. For once he had the sympathy of the whole House, and the Government side particularly appreciated his obvious desire to make no party capital out of the suggestions in the article that some Labour members were too ready to reveal confidential information to the press. He spoke as a House of Commons man and was heard in the same spirit. The Speaker gave his ruling, a motion was duly moved and much more will be heard by the Committee of Privileges. PHINEAS TERTIUS

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MR. WALLACE AND MR. CHURCHILL

MR. WALLACE's series of speeches and broadcasts had as their most striking theme—Britain's opportunity. They have been quickly followed by a series of articles in the *Daily Telegraph* from the pen of Mr. Winston Churchill. Their theme is America's greatness. Two distinguished statesmen, both out of office and out of favour at home, have addressed themselves to the policy not of their own country, but of an ally. This is not altogether strange. It is as natural for Mr. Wallace to speak his mind to his friends here in Britain as it was for Mr. Churchill to advocate at Fulton a foreign policy inconsistent with the declared aims of the British Government. Mr. Churchill has always championed imperialism and often led anti-Communist crusades. He recognises that the capital from which these causes must now be directed is not London but Washington; and he has modified his wartime slogan to read "What we have, we—or the Americans—hold." Mr. Wallace, for his part, through his whole political career, has been an advocate of the New Deal both as a domestic and a foreign policy for the United States. He recognises that the ideas of the New Deal have now been rejected decisively by the Democratic leadership as well as by the Republicans, and that the application of them to the building of One World is only possible if British Socialism gives a lead to American Liberalism. He therefore appeals to a Left in power in England, just as Mr. Churchill appeals to a Right in power across the Atlantic.

Mr. Churchill's articles will be received with hysterical approval by his American audience. American opinion has moved a good deal since, as Mr. Churchill recalls, it indignantly repudiated the Darlan and Badoglio deals, denounced Mihailovitch as a Fascist and warmly approved Mr. Roosevelt's pointed refusal to support British policy in Greece. In those far-off days of 1942–4 traditional anti-British animosity was combined in the United States with a condemnation of Imperialism and a fervent belief in the Four Freedoms, with a special stress on Freedom from Want. Mr. Churchill describes the shock that he felt when "the great tides of American public opinion all flowed of a sudden in the opposite direction" and when President Roosevelt kept a stony silence, "under a series of protesting telegrams from me." It is easy to understand his "intense satisfaction" at the recent change.

Roosevelt is dead and Mr. Churchill is now riding serenely on the flood tide of American Conservatism. His appeal that Americans "should march forward unswervingly on the path to which destiny has called them," is now matched by Mr. Luce's open avowal of the American Empire and welcome for a war against Russia "which has already begun." In this flood the Four Freedoms are submerged. The Atlantic Charter and Freedom from Want are forgotten. Mr. Churchill's assurance that "nothing need be added to the well-shaped eighteenth-century language of the Declaration of Independence" will be acceptable enough to an Administration as anxious as the founders of the Republic to maintain the power of the State as an instrument for the defence of property against the unruly inroads of the hungry millions. The only difference is that, whereas Hamilton and the Federalists who drafted the American Constitution were chiefly concerned to curb "democracy" in the New World, the present rulers of America realise that nothing less than an Empire is now necessary to make the world safe for American free enterprise. The frontiers are extended, but the Tory principles remain the same; Mr. Wallace's protests are as little heeded as those of Jefferson, his spiritual ancestor.

Will those warnings be better heeded in this country? Having tried to write him down as anti-British before his arrival, the Tory press has been somewhat embarrassed to observe that Mr. Wallace rates Britain's importance a good deal higher than the Conservatives who now dominate the Democratic and Republican Parties. Some months ago an American general observed to an R.A.F. officer who was escorting him on a tour of inspection that Britain was not much good to the American Army but might provide one or two useful air bases. Last week Members of Congress during their consideration of the loans to Greece and Turkey, were told that Britain has a little more importance after all. The military view presented to them by the American Chiefs of Staff was that America cannot hope to defeat Russia in the next war without the use of Britain as "an atom absorber." America, according to this military appreciation, needs outposts—such as Britain, France, the Middle East and China—which can be blitzed with atom bombs, overrun by the Red Army and ultimately "liberated" by the American Army. London and Paris, it is agreed, would be totally wiped out at the beginning of the war. America would ultimately "win the war." Mr. Churchill is apparently willing to accept this decisive role for Britain in the American Century to which he so eagerly looks forward. He leaves it to Mr. Wallace to suggest that Britain can play a genuinely independent role in preventing world war.

Right speaks to Right, as Mr. Bevin might more truthfully have observed to the Labour Party Conference at Blackpool. It is no surprise that in a world distracted by a war of ideologies, the leader of British Conservatism should welcome the rise of American Imperialism and see our future as its European outpost. But what of the Labour Government? Up till now no Minister has commented publicly on Truman's new policy to Congress, but the British Ambassador in Washington and Sir Alexander Cadogan in New York, have both welcomed it without reservation; while in Moscow, despite all advanced rumours to the contrary, Mr. Bevin is once again playing the part of "brilliant Second" to an American Secretary of State. Since the Soviet Union has stonewalled throughout and accompanied its diplomatic resistance with a propaganda as indefensible on its side as that of the American press on the other, Mr. Bevin will have no difficulty in explaining how, despite his straightforward, honest and rugged endeavours, the Russians prevented an agreement. In fact there seems never to have been any chance of agreement if only because the State Department had already decided on the policy of forcibly opposing Communism everywhere and building up in Germany, as in Greece and Turkey and many other parts of the world, subsidised regimes whose only justification is their antagonism to the U.S.S.R. Mr. Wallace has argued with unanswerable force that to bolster up such regimes all around the vast circumference of Russia is too great a task even for the United States; that the real way of opposing Communism is to offer something better by using American power to create a prosperity that makes Communism irrelevant. This is exactly the policy Mr. Bevin might have been expected to champion, but instead he seems to have accepted the substance of an Anglo-American military alliance against Communism. In the past Mr. Attlee was always opposed to the sterility, and saw the peril, of basing policy on "anti-Communism," but if he fears the results of Britain following the Churchill-Truman line today he does not say so.

Ever since the notorious debate on the King's speech, the Government's foreign and defence policy have been shrouded in a curious mixture of platitudes and ambiguities. The Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary have tried to placate their critics with reassuring phrases about Britain's middle position between Russia and America, while continuing on their Anglo-American course. The inevitable result has been the steady increase in the critics' strength—as suspicions hardened into certainty during the debates on defence—and an increased fumbling

in the conduct of foreign affairs due to the need to conceal the real springs of policy. How much longer will these ambiguities and deceptions go on? Mr. Churchill and Mr. Wallace, who are both well qualified to know the facts, agree on one thing at least—the meaning of the new American policy in Europe, the Middle and Far East. They recognise it as the imperialism that Mr. Attlee and the Labour Party have always condemned. It is high time that the Prime Minister stated in clear and simple language whether this policy has the support of the British Government or not.

Unfortunately on this subject the Cabinet seems as deeply divided as it is on defence. At least half of its Members—for the most part men who were not Ministers in the war-time Coalition—are uneasily aware that the present policy violates many of their deepest convictions and is leading to disaster. Listening to Mr. Wallace's broadcast on Sunday, they must have asked themselves why this—the most down-right exposition of progressive foreign policy ever broadcast by the B.B.C.—had to be spoken by an American. They are not out of sympathy with the speeches made from the back-benches, but they are unwilling themselves to bring the matter to a head in the Cabinet. They are just strong enough to prevent Mr. Bevin from coming out in public support of Mr. Truman and Mr. Churchill. They can exert a certain negative control on the day-to-day conduct of foreign affairs. But more than that seems to be beyond their strength.

It is often said that sooner or later the Government must make up its mind. Unfortunately this is not the case. Drift is a policy—though a bad one. The Labour Government can drift until its indecision has made a positive independent foreign policy impossible. That is our danger and the challenge both of Mr. Wallace's speeches and of Mr. Churchill's articles is the same—can we make up our minds?

SCOTTISH OUTLOOK

"There is no need to argue the point that Scotland is a 'harder' land than England, nor to elaborate the notorious difference of temperament between the traditional Scotsman—solemn, parsimonious, cautious, conscientious and well educated—and the traditional Englishman—frivolous, extravagant, vague, spasmodic, careless, free and easy, and ill grounded in book-learning. The English may regard this traditional comparison as rather a joke; they regard most things as rather a joke; but the Scots do not."

THUS Arnold Toynbee. The Scots have been assiduous in cultivating the memory of their independent nationhood. If their native memory is long it is nowadays being titillated by contemporary events and it is strictly true to say that the policy of secession from the Union has a definite if small part in current Scottish political thought. Since the war this increase in national consciousness has been very noticeable. Not only in the political sphere, a solicitude has developed for the national *amour propre*.

On the cultural plane there is at present a small renaissance in literature. Different bodies such as the Saltire Society in Edinburgh and the publishing house of MacLellan in Glasgow have been busy with the historic and contemporary literary scene. A number of young poets, without banding together in a school, are putting forth a coherent plea for a creative Scottish literature in which the three main languages of Scotland will each play its part. The poets are fathered and inspired by the indefatigable anti-Sassenach and battleship-of-letters, Hugh MacDiarmid, and in the latest volume of *Poetry* (*Scotland*) Eric Linklater gives his critical blessing to the movement. There is a selfconscious but purposeful delving back to the time of Dunbar in order to uncover and refurbish the ethos of a national literature.

Of the eight morning papers published in Scotland there are two which are truly national, and between them these two are able to cover the greater populated part of the country. In their correspondence columns there is an access to an overall amplification of views that is denied the Englishman in his qualitatively similar publications. Of the latter only *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* pretend to national coverage, and for many reasons (except through the use of supplements) they can devote neither the time nor the attention to such matters as English education, religion or literature on the scale their Scottish equivalents can tackle, nor possibly would the English reader be prepared to stomach the full meals that the Scottish papers sometimes offer.

In England one's nationality is a carelessly worn garment. The Scotsman's is almost a coat of armour, protecting a very prickly national consciousness. It is perhaps necessary to emphasise the cautious suspicion with which the Scots, in Scotland, regard the English. (Since the strict differentiation between the nations is not reciprocated it is never understood by an Englishman until he has visited Scotland.) For three hundred years there has been a sneaking belief that Scotland was "done" in the Treaty of Union. There is a feeling that instead of being an equal partner in an enterprise the country is being treated as a backward office boy. Very few have read the articles of association, but there is this suspicion that Scotland was not only diddled of its national power, prestige, and financial self-determination, but what is worse, of its nationhood. The psychological wound is perhaps the most harmless but it hurts and it is the hardest to cure. As long as the high road to England was indeed the Scot's brightest prospect all this did not matter. He could forget his country's poverty by making his fortune in another country's riches. The situation has changed. The partners are both poor now.

The conviction is—and this article is an introduction rather than an argument—that Scotland is not receiving fair treatment in current matters. The outcry when it was announced that Prestwick airport was to be denuded of vital equipment in order to fit out an English airport was loud and unmistakable, but it hardly reached the average English ear. There is the fact, and the bitter evidence of it is at the street corners in all Scottish towns, that Scotland has always carried a far heavier burden of unemployment than England. There is the feeling that Scottish labour and industry have been roped in when the general British economy could afford it, and have been cast adrift at the first signs of economic crisis. There is a belief that if Scottish money and Scottish planning were behind such things as Highland electrification schemes one would not have the absurd sight of pylons standing squarely in the fields of farms where artificial light remains primitively paraffin, and electrification of dairies is a fabulous dream.

Before the war, Scottish nationalism, in all its facets, was a dilettante movement of undergraduates and cranks in factory-made tartans, a picturesque and effete anomaly. As a more developed force it is now fighting its preliminary skirmishes in municipal elections, is publishing books, and encouraging the Scottish arts. It is too soon to say what favour it will ultimately find with the general body politic. It is, however, already obvious that a modified nationalism is being more and more looked to as the only solution for the country's economic ills.

On Saturday, March 22nd, a meeting of a Scottish National Assembly was held in Glasgow, convened by Scottish Convention, of which Mr. William Gallacher is vice-chairman. The meeting was shunned by the Scottish Nationalist Party, but in spite of the Celtic disdain which occasioned the boycott, there were four hundred representatives of local authorities, political parties, chambers of commerce, churches, cultural organisations and so forth.

Two major resolutions were passed. The first called for a measure of legislative devolution, suggesting that the constitution and functions of the Scottish Grand Committee in Parliament should be so altered that it could become a Legislative Committee for Scotland. A further devolution of Scottish government in the future was contained in the resolution. (Resolution carried by 98 to 13.)

The second resolution requested the British Government to introduce forthwith in Parliament a Bill to give effect to Scottish self-government proposals which were set forth in a declaration in 1944 by a committee of Scotsmen under the chairmanship of Mr. William Leonard, M.P. This entails the establishment of a Scottish Legislature and Government for domestic affairs, and a retaining of Scottish representation in the United Kingdom Parliament. (Carried by 216 to 2.)

Mr. Douglas Young, in the vanguard of the cultural renaissance, said that Scotland did not want a parliament like Ulster. His recommendation was complete repeal of the Union, and the establishment of an independent Scottish parliament. Colonel Gomme-Duncan (Conservative M.P. for Perth) expressed the standardised belief that Scotland was having "a raw deal." He did not support separation from England, but a recognition of partnership. The Earl of Selkirk, supported by Lord Polwarth, recommended a Royal Commission. A spokeswoman for the Scottish Reconstruction Committee was confident that within five years there would be a parliament in Scotland.

All this was good going for one meeting, particularly as the gathering was somewhat stolid in texture, lacking the sparkle that the full force of the Nationalist Party might have provided. As well as reporting the meeting in some detail the conservative *Scotsman* gave it a first leader in which it commented that no Government (British) could in the long run afford to neglect such manifestations of public opinion. The leader concluded rather tamely "that the projects of devolution or federation should be sympathetically examined."

It is the stolid central-Scottish temperament, never acting before it has argued interminably, that makes any change a matter of heavy forethought, a lengthy business of pros and cons that may last perhaps for generations, during which time the origin of the argument is liable to become bogged in verbiage. It is the same caution that makes it impossible that Whitehall should be confronted one morning with a *fait accompli*, with St. Andrew's Cross flying along the Cheviot Hills, and machine-guns covering the roads and railways. There is no sign of Sinn Feinnism, and the Scottish love of legal procedure makes such pistol-packing ebullience unlikely.

One result of the post-war complexity of paper government, together with the bourgeois detestation of the Socialist party, is that the Scottish middle-classes and their sponsors are tempted towards a neutral shade of nationalism, in an endeavour to be patriotic and anti-Socialist at one and and the same time. That can be read into part of the proceedings in Glasgow.

It is unlikely that the current stramash about nationalism and self-government is any more than the Scottish predilection for words and arguments. The Scot is learning that a large part of his country's impoverishment is due to the fact that he has been an individualist before he was a Scotsman. Equally obviously the country cannot secede to become an agricultural sub-State. The desire for change exists. If this change does not happen before the future pattern of Britain's general economy is stabilised the incentive may vanish and nothing more be heard. In that event there would be a reversion to the kilted undergraduate and his comic-pseudo-serious culture, the counterpoint of the comic Scots comedian. Scotland's political nationalism would revert, a withered vestigial anachronism, to the eccentric hands of the latter-day Jacobites.

Yet the plough has bitten deeper than usual in the long-untilled field of national consciousness. At the very least, in an age of planning, the Scots wish to plan for themselves. The country which produced Keir Hardie cannot take delight in being Socialist by proxy. NEIL MCCALLUM

A LONDON DIARY

THE visit of Henry Wallace, which began as a private affair, has turned into an international event. I can recall no other private visit to this country which has been so fully reported and discussed. One rather naïve reporter of the Central Hall meeting made the odd comment that we were justified in saying that Wallace's visit had roused public attention by the fact that 2,000 tickets had been sold for a Central Hall meeting. Actually, the 3,000 tickets for the Central Hall meeting were sold out in a few days as a result of one small advertisement in this journal. Subsequent enquiries and complaints showed that we could have sold out the Albert Hall three times over if it had been obtainable. There were 5,000 people (on cup-tie afternoon) at the Manchester meeting; crowded meetings were held at Liverpool and Stoke; and, judging by enquiries from all over the country, similar crowds were anxious to hear Mr. Wallace in a score of English and Scottish cities. But the most significant thing has been the interest and gratitude expressed by innumerable people who have recognised in Wallace the voice of common sense and practical wisdom.

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The press has been a bit flummoxed to find that Henry Wallace was not at all "anti-British," was quite prepared to admit that the Soviet Union is sometimes in the wrong, and that he had something clear and constructive to say. This doctrine is neither "woolly" nor in the least "anti-American"; it is merely a restatement of the New Dealer's remedy for which he and Roosevelt worked during the War. He urges that America's colossal surplus of wealth should be used in making friends for democracy (a market for the United States) by raising the standard of living everywhere, instead of in bolstering up regimes merely because they are anti-Soviet. I was not surprised that Conservative papers should have attacked Wallace, but I must admit disappointment that the *Manchester Guardian* should not have troubled to understand what he was saying and should have attacked him for no reason that I could see, except that he had not adequately attacked the Soviet Union. His object was to state the *alternative* to Communism, to remind people that ideologies are not stopped by bombs and to establish this community of agreement between the British and that large number of Americans who had not yet caught the anti-Communist disease. A few months ago the *Manchester Guardian* would have enthusiastically welcomed this approach, but Liberals seem particularly susceptible to certain types of virus.

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The most dangerous comment appeared in the *Sunday Times*, where it was suggested that the B.B.C. ought to have consulted the Foreign Office before allowing so shocking a heretic to broadcast at the peak hour on Sunday. Actually, of course, there is already a close liaison between the B.B.C. and the Foreign Office. But the notion that the B.B.C. should lose its existing measure of freedom and should always do exactly what the Foreign Office wants is one that everyone should resist. It would make our radio as dull, propagandist and untruthful as that of Moscow. The evidence which reached me is that the Wallace postscript was an immense success. At last, people said, we have somebody who says what all of us feel and who says it in a magnificent, sincere and authoritative voice. It shattered the pretence that the choice before Britain is to be either "anti-Soviet" or "anti-American." It declared that Britain is not finished and can independently exercise great power in the world. It recalled that Mr. Wallace, when in the American Government, has himself always been an advocate of a loan for the betterment of Greece. His opposition to the Truman policy is part of his outspoken condemnation of the old-fashioned type of exploiting strategic imperialism wherever it is found. An Oslo newspaper has put the point neatly in a cartoon which says that the Monroe doctrine was to keep Europeans out of American affairs, while Mr. Truman's is to keep them out of European affairs.

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I asked an American friend why many of his fellow countrymen were so ludicrously vehement in their reaction to Wallace's speeches in this country. I said that I found it very hard to understand how Senators could talk of "treason," and others could demand that Wallace be prosecuted for talking to Attlee, or have his passport cancelled to end his trip. His reply showed how far we in Britain are from understanding the present mental climate of the United States. "First of all," he said, "you've got to realise that in America we think the present world situation is tantamount to a war situation; if anyone is against the present foreign policy he becomes a traitor. Secondly, we expect the rest of the world to thank us for ceasing to be isolationist and for playing a major part in world affairs. Lastly we think that Britain above all countries should not criticise, or cheer criticism of our American foreign policy, because we think it was you who sold it to us, by Churchill at Fulton, by Bevin at the Peace Conferences, and above all by manoeuvring us into Greece." That, I think, is a fair, though startling, account of many American minds which have reached war hysteria directed against a foreign Power which is not now endangering their security, cannot make war on them, is militarily and economically very weak and is not formally engaged in any national dispute with them! This extraordinary and novel situation is only in part due to the attitude of Russia (especially on the atomic bomb) but is also a larger measure engineered for home political purposes. The trick is to include Russia, Wallace, Reds, (who are a negligible minority in the United States), all liberals and as many Democrats as possible in a single anathema. By way of counter-attack, Mr. Truman replies by becoming even more anti-Russian than the Red-baiters. Over Wallace he has been in some difficulty since Republicans and Right-wing Democrats would have to force the President to push Wallace and his four million unorganised supporters out of the party as he did out of his administration.

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How far hysteria has gone in the United States can be measured by the threats of criminal charges made against Henry Wallace. Some papers even talk about resurrecting the Aliens and Sedition Act of 1799—an Act which, condemned alike by Jefferson and Hamilton, was largely responsible for the destruction of the Federalist Party. Others talk of invoking the Logan Act of 1932, which makes it a criminal offence for a foreigner to influence foreign governments against American foreign policy. The suggestion that Mr. Wallace is breaking the law by lunching with the British Prime Minister in the presence of the American Ambassador will produce nothing but laughter. This is all so much play acting, and though only two Senators have so far come out in favour of Mr. Wallace, my information is that American liberals are a good deal heartened by finding a champion and a cause around which to rally in the face of the present reactionary wave. They certainly hope that Mr. Wallace will be summoned before the Committee on "un-American Activities"—the successor to the notorious Dies Committee which is now headed by Mr. Thomas, who made himself a figure of spite and fun in that Committee. It is this Committee which is now attempting to *gleichschalten* America, hounding from every administrative position anyone who can be faintly accused of "liberalism."

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Experience does not shake the countryman's faith in traditional weather lore. In Essex they still tell me that the sun is always to be seen sometime on every Saturday and Mr. Park is anxiously counting the frosts as he does every spring. He holds that in May there are always as many frosts as there were in March minus those that come in April. This year I suggested that this was scarcely likely to be true seeing that we had frost all through March. No, he said, we had fifteen frosts in March and we've so far had five in April. Ten more are to come. If they come soon we shall have a marvellous fruit crop, as anyone can see, at least in our district. The fruit buds swelling in last week end's sunshine are as good as I ever saw them. Everything of course is a month or more late in this leafless April; the almond in my garden is not out yet and many flowers and shrubs were killed. But I hear that much of the winter sown wheat is now strong and green in spite of the prophets and, if we do not get May frosts I'd prophesy a remarkably good year for farmers and gardeners. CRITIC

BLACK MAX AND WOOLLY LAMB

THE little lambs of Britain, so woolly and so pure
Who frisk away on Continental trips,
Discover on arrival at the gilded Cote d'Azur,
They're always short of cash to pay their tips.
The margin is but narrow when you take the Golden Arrow
And seek the Riviera, to relax;
But they get a friendly greeting as they wander lost and bleating,
From a foxy foreign customer, Black Max.

Little white sheep who go astray,
Poor little sheep who've lost their way,
Lost in Monte and lost in Cannes,
Caught in a big black market plan,
They never heard of the Treasury ban,
Baa! Baa! Baa!

The little lambs of Britain who crowd the South of France
Have hit the most expensive place on earth;
They just don't know they're dabbling in underground finance
When selling pounds for more than they are worth.
They can't send costly cables after losses at the tables,
They hardly like to trust to foreign banks,
And they never think it tricky when someone called Prince Niki
Swaps sterling for a lovely lot of francs.

Poor little lambkins led astray,
Little lost lambs, they have to pay,
Little black sheep by accident, lost and strayed on the Continent,
They only know that no wrong was meant,
They all declare they are innocent,
Baa! Baa! Baa!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to E. Green.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

At least one famous cavalry regiment stationed in Palestine finds relief from the monotony of chasing terrorists. The 1st King's Dragoon Guards keep a pack of hounds and hunt twice a week.

Pink coats are worn. The quarry is the piord, which is like a baby Alsatian. Occasionally, the hounds scent a fox, but this is pretty rare, I gather. —From *Daily Telegraph*.

Unsuccessful objections were made in Edinburgh yesterday to a licence for a dinner-dance restaurant described as "a bright little night-spot." For the objectors it was stated that 3,500 students passed the place daily and would be tempted.—*News Chronicle*.

Wanted, Ugly Woman, and Mermaid's Tails or similar for walk round show.—Advt. in the *World's Fair*.

No responsibility can be accepted by the Company for loss or damage to customers' goods caused directly or indirectly by riot, civil commotion, foreign enemy, military or usurped power, rebellion or insurrection, or by, or under any order of any Government or public authority.—Laundry Advt.

THREE PLANS

ECONOMIC "models" for the development of backward areas, particularly Eastern Europe, are becoming popular among economists in England, since it is now realised that economic progress is not an automatic process, and that Eastern Europe, among many other regions of the world, suffered before the war from a basic problem of surplus rural population.

Now the new governments in Eastern Europe are actually setting such "models" to work. The whole emphasis of the new regimes is on economics, on a dynamic industrialisation drive directed at the heart of agrarian poverty. This planning is revolutionary in the sense that it is building up a new form of society, revolutionary too, in that it is doing all the things that so obviously needed to be done—moving peasants from congested South Poland to empty Pomerania, moving industries to Slovakia, building railways through Bosnia, surveying the Drina's water power—and quite obviously never would have been done in the pre-war set-up.

But it is not a revolution in the sense of an overthrow of an aristocracy, or even of capitalism. The trouble with Eastern Europe was not the big estates, nor the oppression of local capitalists. Except in Hungary the aristocracy was no longer important, and it is only in Hungary that there has been a revolution in the sense of a class overthrow. What prevented any large-scale economic development was a paralytic network of interests resisting change: cultivated bourgeois officialdom, professional politicians with well-nursed minority grievances, linked up with foreign capital which skimmed the cream of local resources. Within this setting there could be no impetus towards a general development scheme, and no intellectual leadership to carry it out, since the landless peasants were powerless. Now there is both the impetus and the conception of economic development as the basis of national policy.

Almost all the Governments of Eastern Europe have now put forward plans for general development based on the conception of planned industrialisation. Each plan has recovery as its immediate object. The Polish Three-Year Plan aims at a level of output in 1949 which would give a total national income 16 per cent above that of 1938, a very ambitious target, when it is remembered that the national income at the end of 1946 was only 50 per cent of pre-war. But while tackling recovery, it is not intended to restore the pre-war economy as it was. On the contrary, the Polish plan aims at increasing the numbers employed in industry by about 800,000, taking in all the natural increase of population in the three years, and 400,000 off the land. As Poland is now constituted, with industrial capacity greater by 50 per cent, population less by 8,000,000, and nearly as large an agricultural area, there need be no surplus population on the land, provided that the present agricultural population does not increase. If successful, the plan will banish the prospect of over-population from the countryside. It sets targets for every main industry, which are approximately the same as the pre-war output within the present frontiers. The production of coal, however, the key to the plan, is to reach a level 20 per cent above the 1938 output, in order to achieve an export surplus to buy essential imports of industrial materials and agricultural equipment. The trade balance is therefore planned also, and this is relatively easy, since coal is to represent three-quarters of the total value of exports, and will certainly meet an expanding demand, as Western Europe recovers and as France puts the Monnet plan into effect.

Compared with Poland's steep projected increases, the targets of the Czech *Dvouletka* are modest—10 per cent above the 1937 output for industry in general, and for agriculture recovery to the pre-war level—and should be easy to achieve since material damage was not great. With characteristic Czech caution, the plan only covers the output of a few basic industries, and does not calculate the changes in national income or forecast the trade balance, because too many factors are now incalculable.

While Poland aims at absorbing a more advanced industrial complex into its economy, the object of the Czech plan is to level up the living standard in the backward Eastern half of the republic. Slovakia's standard is to be raised by giving it a bigger share of total investment in relation to its national income, in order to develop electrical power resources. While the heavy industries are to aim only at a slight increase above pre-war, the overall output of electrical power is to rise to 80 per cent above the pre-war level, and to 40 per cent above the 1946 level in 1948. This will be achieved by fuller utilisation of existing capacity, and in Slovakia by expanding the Bratislava station and by building one new hydro-electric station by 1948; in all, eight new hydro-electric stations are to be built in Slovakia by 1952. Slovakia is to have a wide range of new industries, and some Czech plant is actually to be moved there, creating employment for 26,000 new workers. Total employment is to increase by 590,000; industrial employment is to increase by 20 per cent in the Czech lands, by 30 per cent in Slovakia. Like the Polish plan, the Czech plan is only intended to be a transition to a longer term plan; for the moment it tips the balance in favour of Slovakia, but does not intend to achieve the complete upgrading of the Slovak living standard within the two years' period.

In Yugoslavia, a general plan has not yet been submitted to Parliament; the difficulties are greater, because the country was far more backward, and had little heavy industry, since it relied on imports of coal and coke from Germany. Without power, there can be no general industrial expansion, so that the plan, in broad outline, must aim at building industry up from the bottom by developing the great water power resources of the country which have never even been properly surveyed. The new power stations, with four times the pre-war output, are to supply widely dispersed new industries, such as artificial fertilisers, farm machinery, canning and food processing; the finishing processes in copper, chrome, lead and zinc production are to be carried out in Yugoslavia and in the future these metals will no longer be exported as ores or semi-finished products. Yugoslavia's industrialisation will be a long process, for 75 per cent of the population are still in agriculture, as against 60 per cent in Poland and 50 per cent in Czechoslovakia; but it will move fast, since much of the motive power comes from the peasants as well as from the industrial workers, who are the mainspring in Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Will these plans succeed? So far as industrial organisation is concerned, it seems likely that they will. The Polish trade union movement, two million strong, is solid behind the plan. In Czechoslovakia the Government can certainly mobilise a big national effort, directed with great administrative efficiency. In Yugoslavia, shortage of technical and managerial staff is likely to be an obstacle for some time to come, but no doubt the Yugoslav plan will make up in *élan* what it lacks in efficiency. In agriculture, the difficulties are likely to be greater; neither in Poland nor in Jugoslavia is the food supply fully under control, and peasant hoarding may continue to be an obstacle.

So far as international help is concerned, the outlook is still uncertain. The Polish plan estimates that 20 per cent of the total investment foreseen by the plan may be supplied by foreign capital and an application for a loan of 600 million dollars is now before the International Bank. Poland has already received a credit from the Import Export Bank for the purchase of American cotton, but Czechoslovakia is so far the victim of dollar diplomacy. Foreign loans, though not absolutely essential, would, of course, speed up the rate of recovery and lessen the heavy burden on consumers which the plans will otherwise entail. Equally important to the success of the plans is the opening up of international, particularly inter-European, trade. There is as yet no sign of any international attempt to promote trade inside Europe, and this may mean that the Eastern European countries will take steps to fill the gap by increasing barter trade with each other. Within limits, Eastern Europe could develop on an autarchic basis, if the plans were inter-related. But there is as yet no intention of drawing away from the West, which has much to offer towards the success of the plans, and much to gain if they succeed, since if, in four or five years' time, there is a rising standard of living in these countries, they will offer steadily expanding markets. For Britain three moves are now needed —to secure the rapid opening of trade channels with these countries; to promote more trade between them and Austria and Germany; and to secure that in the international organisations there is a proper place for the planned economies.

DOREEN WARRINER

PRISON OF THE FUTURE

PRISONERS with long sentences to serve have ordinarily received them for one of two very different reasons. It may be that their last offence has been of such a serious nature that the Court has seen fit to mark its sense of shock and abhorrence by imposing a long sentence of imprisonment, hoping thereby to deter the offender from repeating this type of offence. Or possibly a Court, in scanning a man's previous record, takes note of the fact that a long series of short sentences has had no apparent effect of a deterrent or reformative nature, and decides to "double the dose."

This body of men serving long sentences comprise, therefore, two very distinct and different types of criminal, the former being "incidental," i.e., non-professional criminals who have committed one crime of some gravity and the latter being petty recidivists, who have pilfered on innumerable occasions, but never committed serious crime.

Despite the acute difference between the two types, it is the common practice of most countries to relegate them to the same form of treatment, on the ground that they both have long sentences to serve. This being ordinarily regarded as the dominant fact, they are usually sent to an establishment that is remote, to live under a regime where their liberty is most narrowly restricted. For this reason the man who seeks to visit the prisoners of this world must needs be a patient and enduring traveller.

Visitors who came to this country for this purpose were formerly dispatched to Dartmoor, Portland and the Isle of Wight, while my journeyings to the prisons of other countries led me as far afield as the Andaman Islands, French Guiana, Sardinia and the little rocky isles of the Mediterranean, St. Quentin off the Pacific Coast, Carrera in the Carribean and countless other little Ultimaes Thulae, not to be found in Bradshaw and never recommended by Baedeker.

It was not unnaturally supposed that the man with a long sentence to serve would have a sterner urge to attempt escape than the man with a short one. Hence this policy of dispersal to a place that was inaccessible and inescapable. When he got there he found that for the same reason he was exposed to a far more restricted way of life than if he had been serving a short sentence in a small prison on the mainland. Every detail of daily life was governed by considerations of security. His clothing must be as hideously fantastic as to proclaim him a fugitive from justice should he ever try to regain the world of free men.

For many years England followed the same tradition, and men with long sentences were exposed not only to the isolation of Dartmoor but to the countless and meticulous restrictions of personal liberty in the daily life of the regime. It was argued that a man with ten years to serve had so much greater an incentive to attempt escape that the precautions taken day and night to check and count him must be correspondingly more rigid. It might have been argued that the very fact of his having to stay there for so long might have made him appreciate and possibly repay all the more any lightening or loosing of his bonds, but this possibility does not seem to have occurred to the authorities and the "watch and guard" over the men with long sentences continued to be the more intense and unremitting.

The first break with this tradition in England came with the establishment of Wakefield as a prison for "incidental," i.e., non-professional offenders, and the establishment of the first prison camp seven miles away. In the first instance few men with sentences of more than two years were trusted there, but as time passed, and none of the unfortunate incidents, which had been so confidently predicted, happened to occur, the authorities not unnaturally took courage, and men with sentences of six years penal servitude or more were to be found working in the open, sleeping in huts from which egress at night was as easy as ingress in the evening.

And now comes Leyhill, the great Prison Experiment of our lifetime.

You will find it, possibly not without some little difficulty, among the gently sloping hills of Gloucestershire that lie north of Bristol. The nearest village is Falfield, the nearest town Chipping Sodbury. Generations yet unknown will visit it from different parts of the world and surprise the villagers by always asking the same question: "Where was it that the Prison started?" Here are already more than three hundred men with long sentences to serve. They all belong to the "incidental" type. The authorities have ceased to confuse the petty recidivist with the non-professional, who has a long sentence merely because of the serious nature of his offence, believing that the non-professional should not run the risk of being contaminated by the professional, and where they are to be trained together, the latter should be in the minority.

The daily life of each man at Leyhill is characterised by freedom, trust and responsibility. The very length of his sentence, so far from constituting a reason why he should be given each day a minimum of choice and relaxation appears to the modern idea to furnish a very strong reason why he should lead the normal life of a hard-working labourer with reasonable latitude of choice in the regulation of his own personal concerns. It may be defensible on the grounds of security to tie a man down for three or four years to the complete surrender of will and choice that marked the Dartmoor regime, but to do so for ten or twenty years is to strangle the growth and development of a human character and to crush a human soul. The men sleep under rough, simple conditions, work hard all day on the buildings and the farm, lead the life of the ordinary labourer, and in mien and speech and manner are indistinguishable from free men.

Leyhill is essentially a venture of faith and indeed of double faith; it is based on the belief that this is the better way to treat men who have for good reason been deprived of their liberty by the Courts for a number of years to come. The authorities believe that by working hard in the open air, living in a community of their own, under the type of men they have chosen for them, they will not petrify and putrefy like so many other prisoners in the past, but will lay foundations of strong character and well-controlled habits that will endure in the years that follow the completion of their sentences.

This somewhat daring experiment is based also on the chosen staff appointed to lead them, firmly but unobtrusively, through the difficult years of their renascence. It is fortunate that the first Governor should be a man of wide and varied experience, having been the first Governor of the first prison camp at Wakefield, and having been also for a time in charge of the old prison at Dartmoor. The members of his staff have been allocated to this pioneer effort as having certain qualities of leadership and imagination, courage and resilience. They have learned that fear or force are not the only potent weapons in the armoury of men dealing with men. They have some knowledge and experience of how trust and responsibility and leadership may evoke from those under their control a finer and more abiding discipline.

As Leyhill grows and develops, it will demonstrate the triumph of the new ways over the old, interested visitors will come from this country, from overseas, from the U.S.A., at first incredulous or cynical, but returning to their countries happy and convinced.

There is, however a grave danger ahead to which no one can afford to be blind. Although the prisoners selected for transfer to Leyhill are chosen as carefully as possible, there is always a chance that a few men may get there who will not respond to the freedom and trust extended to them. There have been one or two escapes—there must always be a danger of their recurrence. Meanwhile one must hope that there is a public opinion in this country growing steadily in favour of Leyhill. It is a race against time. If in the next few years there are no untoward incidents, that public opinion may have time to grow so strong as to be able to withstand a few shocks. If on the other hand the incidents come too soon, the supporters of Leyhill might be swept off their feet by the vast majority of the old school of "I told you so," and "kindness mistaken for weakness," those clichés which have blocked the path of penal reform for many generations. Its name would be associated with the failure of a great ideal. In this and countless other countries, wherever new projects were afoot for treating prisoners with long sentences as men and not as robots, the name of Leyhill would be held up as a terrible warning from past experience and the clock would be halted for some years to come.

Public opinion in the end decides between the picture of Dartmoor forty years ago and the thought of these three hundred men working under the western sky on a peaceful hillside, unconscious that they are prisoners, feeling like simple workers on God's soil. I know under which picture I would prefer to subscribe my name in this world and the next. If public opinion has sufficient faith in common humanity to favour this experiment all will be well. If not, it may falter under the influence of a hysterical press, at the bidding of a few headlines in the *Daily* ———, and throw the Sermon on the Mount into the waste-paper basket. That is the tragedy against which everyone must be on his guard.

ALEXANDER PATERSON

DUMB ENEMIES

THIS is a story of extermination. But not the sort of extermination which has become all too familiar of late. The victims were merely one part of that rabbit population which, as Critic recently pointed out, deprives the farmers (that is, us) of an astonishing amount of grass. In bringing about this extermination, trapping, of which the usefulness is nowadays a matter of some dispute, played so small a part as to be negligible.

About 1930 a new tenant took over an 800-acre farm on the edge of Salisbury Plain. The land was very badly infested and something would obviously have to be done about this. The shape of the farm was roughly a long rectangle, one long side (3 whole miles of it) being the edge of a very large wood which crowned a zig-zag wall of chalk downs. These downs were too steep to be negotiable by anything on wheels. Along the foot of the downs ran ancient overgrown hedges.

The mere statement of these facts is evidence enough that trapping was hopeless. But at the time the use of gas was an almost untried novelty and in this case could hardly have provided a solution since most of the rabbits lived in the woods, not on the farm itself. Whether or not it were effective, gas would have meant a lot of expense—in the 1930s. The farmer's aim, therefore, was to get rid of the pests by methods fitting into the framework of his ordinary farming policy so as to keep costs to a minimum. And since there was no district scheme, any plan must be permanently effective independently of what happened outside the farm boundaries.

This is how he did it. The woodland boundary needed fencing anyway, so the fence was designed to include rabbit-proof wire netting. Thus an impermeable barrier was erected along the whole vulnerable three miles, and it took two winters (labour being applied as and when available) to complete; the land inside this barrier was similarly divided into four large enclosures.

Brer Rabbit said he was born and bred in the briar patch and he said a mouthful. Rabbits cannot multiply without large and secure "buries," which are almost invariably protected by scrub. Concurrently, therefore, with the fencing programme, ran a programme for the clearing of all unnecessary hedges and scrub. This again was a case of killing two birds with one stone, for the ground, to be of any value at all, had to be cleared.

But past neglect had allowed a huge population to grow up, of which the bigger part was those rabbits which lived in the wood but fed on the farm at night. So great was the pressure of population that (as expected) in practice they found numerous entrances through the theoretically impassable fence as soon as it was completed, and would obviously continue to do so till their ranks were thinned and a new distribution was effected.

When the seepage became too great a "shut-out" would be arranged. Late at night two men would walk the boundary fence of one enclosure, stopping up the previously located entrances with turf. The next day the mopping-up of stranded rabbits began. Large numbers were killed of course, but so adept is the rabbit at self-concealment that it often took two days to clear one enclosure.

By the end of the first winter in which this plan was followed 3,000 rabbits had been killed. This probably represented the normal feeding population. From then on this figure quickly declined, a proof not of failure but of success. In fact, given persistence, the end was in sight.

On the farm itself, what the rip-hooks of the hedge-clearers had begun, the cattle completed. The sharp hooves of a cow, backed by her great weight and wandering prying habits are great levellers and cost nothing to operate. Clear the ground and the cow will drive out her competitor.

There was of course nothing very scientific in all this and it did mean a lot of hard work. But the clearing was effected as part of the general working of the farm and profitably utilised the odd man-hours of an existing labour force, gave the latter some amusement (boys *will* be boys) and put on the market some thousands of carcases and furs. In fact the only part of the operation which was not managed by scrounging was the cost of the wire netting, which can be offset by the fact that quite three years before the war the farm was free of the devouring swarms and has remained so ever since. This indeed is the main justification of the whole effort, for to make no vermin grow where 3,000 grew before is, as we say, something. There is also a moral to be drawn, namely, that any communally organised scheme of scientific extermination must cover large areas to prevent local migration and should preferably be accompanied by the destruction of the conditions in which rabbits can breed: what Malthus said of human beings applies even more forcibly to rabbits.

Until such overall schemes appear the individual farmer, to be successful, must adopt some such plan as that described above. C. THATCHER

BOOKS AND BALLYHOO

MR. LEWIS GANNETT, chief book reviewer for the New York *Herald-Tribune*, recently called 1946 "the most arid year in American literature since our literary renaissance began about thirty years ago." Nobody successfully challenged his opinion. Ten years ago English critics, filled with admiration for the works of Hemingway, Steinbeck, Runyon, O'Hara and others, were much given to praising the superior originality and vigour of American writers. But there is little to excite such enthusiasm today. The "toughness" which once seemed a refreshing innovation has become an ugly formula for Hollywood and the mystery-writers. New York reviewers privately, though not always in public, agree that there is a marked current scarcity of American books with real distinction or conscientious workmanship.

On the business side, however, American literature is doing very well. Despite the recession from the wartime book boom, successful writers are making more money than writers ever made before in history. The Book Clubs distribute their wares by the million. Vast numbers of copies of cheap pocket editions are sold in drug stores. Book sales in the U.S.A. in 1945 grossed an estimated $400,000,000. Hollywood studios pay up to $250,000 for film rights of a best-seller. Moreover, it is possible to sell a book to Hollywood before it is written. Hal Wallis, the producer, lately paid a large sum for the rights of a novel about Lola Montez while it was still an idea in the author's head.

As in the case of automobiles and certain other big American industries, control of publishing has been centralised in a few powerful corporations. Most of the industry is now run by four concerns: Doubleday and Co.; Simon and Schuster, which is tied to the Marshall Field interests; the World Publishing Company; and a combine of several firms with the Book-of-the-Month Club. Shares in these companies are not yet quoted on the New York Stock Exchange, but that development has been predicted. (The stock of a publishing corporation will presumably jump several points when the house brings out a spirited piece of costume pornography.) The new industrial efficiency of American publishing is also to be seen in the technique of many authors. A common method of writing a book is to retire for a few weeks with a dictaphone. When Mr. Ralph Ingersoll resigned from the editorship of *P.M.* he announced that he was going to his farm for a while "to finish three books."

American publishing has followed the perfume and film industries by making extensive use of sex appeal in both its publicity and its product. The discovery that books sell better if they are by pretty girls was made some years ago, and a certain preference is given to manuscripts by writers in this category. Advertisements always include photographs of the lovely authors. As a result, a glance through the book supplements of the New York press gives the odd impression that most American literature is produced by alluring young women. This situation inspired a magazine drawing which depicted two men watching a lightly-glad performer in a night cluo. One man was saying: "Have you read her latest novel?"

The trend towards beautiful authors began with Kathleen Winsor, author of *Forever Amber*. A striking Californian brunette, Miss Winsor was brought to New York and presented to the press at the usual cocktail party. For this function her astute agent dressed her in a Hattie Carnegie frock and a John-Frederics hat—details of that kind are important in American literature today—and Miss Winsor was a dazzling sight. Her beauty, combined with the amorous contents of *Forever Amber*, gained the book its huge sale. Miss Winsor crowned her literary triumph by marrying the dance band leader Artie Shaw.

Similar tactics brought fame to exquisite Nancy Bruff, described by *Time* as "one of Park Avenue's greatest women writers." Backed by her wealthy husband, Nancy Bruff put the publicity of her novel *The Manatee* into the hands of Russell Birdwell, America's leading press agent, renowned for his "stunt" promotion of film stars. The book's rise to the top of the best-seller lists was attributed largely to the author's portrait and to Mr. Birdwell's shrewd choice of the jacket design—a ship's figurehead in the form of a nude female.

The vogue for erotic themes in a period setting has become a familiar joke. A whole series of recent best-selling costume novels, like *Forever Amber*, *Kitty*, and *Duchess Hotspur*, relate the adventures of a tempestuous heroine of easy virtue. An important condition for the success of a book of this kind is that it should be banned in Boston. The *New Yorker* made its inevitable comment by a drawing which showed an interview in a publisher's office. The publisher was saying to an author: "Your novel is excellently written, Mr. Higgins. But where is your *hussy*?" Mr. Bennett Cerf, witty head of the Random House publishing firm, wrote for the *Saturday Review of Literature* a burlesque account of the promotion campaign for a novel called *The Lustful Princess*, chosen as book of the month by the Non-Literature Book Club. But despite this ridicule, novels of the "hussy" school continue to appear, because they make money. Also popular are biographies of American historical characters, lauding the American way of life. Disrespectful treatment of the American way of life is not encouraged. A writer of my acquaintance who had a book accepted by one of the most reputable New York publishers was told to alter a sentence in which he had said some American soldiers were giggling. "We are a virile people," said the editor, "and our soldiers do not giggle."

The progress of an author who "hits the jackpot" in the U.S.A. is now fairly stereotyped. Let us call him Jones. His novel is chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, which makes a down payment of 50,000 dollars, with more to follow if subscribers like the book. The film rights are sold for 100,000 dollars. Meanwhile Jones's agent, who gets 10 per cent of everything, works feverishly for publicity—and New York literary agents are not diffident people. Jones is photographed and interviewed by the press, meets the columnists, frequents the Stork Club, addresses luncheons, goes on the air in the programme called "The Author Meets the Critics." National advertising pushes his book-store sales. A deal is made for foreign publication rights. Later 700,000 copies of a pocket reprint are sold in drug stores (though Jones does not get much out of this). He is invited to fly "out to the Coast" to script a film for 2,000 dollars a week. He rents a large Manhattan apartment, buys a smart farm in Connecticut, makes rich new friends, and sees less of the humbler people he used to write about.

A writer needs considerable strength of character to remain a serious artist in the midst of this ballyhoo, and it is not surprising that the work of a number of distinguished American novelists has deteriorated since they became celebrities. Sinclair Lewis has lost his satirical punch and writes nondescript best-sellers like *Bethel Merriday*. John O'Hara produces only slight *New Yorker* stories about people insulting one another in night clubs. John Steinbeck's *The Moon is Down* was little more than a movie scenario. Ernest Hemingway's wartime journalism was a parody of his famous style. He has gone to Havana to write his next book, because, he says, people don't know him there. John P. Marquand's last two novels, both tailormade for the screen, were distinctly inferior to the sharp studies of New England life he once wrote. But they were profitable; the latest, *B.F.'s Daughter*, had a pre-publication printing of 850,000 copies.

Some well-known men of letters, among them John P. Marquand and Christopher Morley, are employed as selectors by the Book Clubs, and many reviewers—though by no means all—co-operate in the business of book marketing. Works chosen by the leading book clubs get long reviews and are usually over-praised. Also, unusual books which defy commercial standards of taste often have a cool critical reception. An example was Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County*. This notable but rather unpleasant book had a *succès de scandale*, was denounced as indecent by the Hearst press, and was banned in several cities. During the controversy the critics, while admitting that it was well written, refrained from mentioning the most conspicuous fact about it: that *Memoirs of Hecate County* was superior to nearly all other American works of fiction published last year. One reason for this cold-shouldering was that an episode in the book bitterly satirised the New York publishing trade, with recognisable caricatures of two well-known critics. Edmund Wilson, himself the best critic in America, has obstinately persisted in the view that literature is an art, not a business, and the attitude has not increased his popularity in the profession.

James T. Farrell, one of the most conscientious American writers, lately deplored the "Hollywoodisation" of books in the U.S.A. James, Hilton, himself a successful Hollywood writer has said that books are aligned with films, radio, television, gramophone records, magazines, and comic strips in the great machinery of mass entertainment. It is now generally accepted that books have been allotted their place in the American dream.

Only a few authors become best-sellers, but all are exposed to unprecedented pressure and temptation to follow the slick popular formulas. And the pressure is greatest on those who achieve the most recognition. To a large extent publishers now have the same purpose as American manufacturers—to turn out a neatly packaged, well-advertised product of standard quality for the mass market. This is done with immense success by the glossy magazines. But when applied to literature it has a disadvantage, because a good book cannot be a standard product. One result of the present scarcity of distinguished American works in relation to the huge market is that outstanding books from Britain sometimes have a more enthusiastic reception here than they do at home. Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited* and George Orwell's *Animal Farm* are examples. The present is no golden age in English literature; but the best English books, written as a rule by plain men rather than pretty girls, and written in the old-fashioned way without regard for club selections or film rights, are still marked by individuality and hand finish. In America these qualities are somehow being lost among the sales charts and the dictaphones.

New York ROSS CAMPBELL

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

A FEW moments before Mr. A. J. P. Taylor started his talk on the great Lord Salisbury (the last of a very interesting series on British Prime Ministers) the conversation in the room where I happened to be sitting was concerned—as it had been concerned for the past nine hours—exclusively with farming. However, I had no difficulty at all in inducing those present to leave the subject of Jersey cows, the height of my host's new silo, etc., in favour of the broadcast. When the last of Mr. Taylor's tendentious remarks died away, pandemonium broke loose in the room—and *not* on the subject of Jersey herds. "But surely Cecil Rhodes. . . ." "Everybody knows the Boer War was started because. . . ." "Well, I don't believe in telling ignorant people lies. . . ." "I thought there was a lot in what he said. After all, Uncle Bob always told me that in Committee. . . ." "Ought the B.B.C. . . . ?" "Of course on the Third Programme. . . ." After twenty minutes' heated discussion, in which five educated people, whose interests are not primarily intellectual, shook up, turned out, and partially rearranged their minds, my host asked his wife if she had remembered to tell the bailiff to put nitrogen on the pastures; and off they all went again—Europa on the bull, as it were—leaving the radio critic to his specs and his Biro. Now I am not competent to criticise Mr. Taylor's broadcast on historical grounds; but it does seem to me that the scene I have described, which must have been broadly typical of many households, was a perfect justification of the new policy of the B.B.C. in encouraging outspoken controversy on all subjects. The older, "obituary" style of talk would, in the above context, have aroused no feeling, stimulated neither enthusiastic assent nor violent disagreement.

First Hearing. This shy little feature, which has been hiding for months in the Old Curiosity Shop of afternoon broadcasting, will have to be dragged out into the evening glare if it is to find a purchaser. Of the programmes I have heard, by far the best was a dramatised narrative of the career of Robert Emmet, by the Northern Irish poet, Valentin Iremonger. This script compared very favourably with many that solicit our attention at the most ineluctable hours; and another, about the Caledonian Market, was uncommonly amusing. But, so far as I am aware, the series has led nowhere. If the object be to attract writers to radio, this is, I suggest, not a good way to encourage them. The famous can look after themselves: it is the obscure who need plugging, and the best of *First Hearing* ought to be repeated without delay at a peak hour. And why confine the series to Features? Solo instrumentalists, singers, composers, playwrights, poets—no doubt all these get their chance as it is, but they would profit more by inclusion within a single frame. If thirty or forty minutes, once a fortnight, at, say, 8.30 or 10 p.m. in the Home Service (*not* the Third Programme), were reserved for promising new talents in all those spheres, the listening world in general would be "on to" them far more quickly than it is at present. Before I leave this subject I want to proffer one more gratuitous piece of advice: Features producers have still, it seems to me, much to learn from Drama producers in the matter of sound effects. Martyn Webster is the star performer in this field. Serials like *Paul Temple* are rudimentary in every respect save in the continuously plausible environment devised to carry the sweet simplicity of their dialogue.

Ivan Susanin. Dramatically *A Night for the Tsar* (as it has been called for over a hundred years) is curiously stiff in the joints; but the music, which is French when it is not Russian, has a fine, clear texture and contains many memorably lovely passages. The voice parts are very effectively written and on this occasion were sung with a competence and beauty of tone that made our present Covent Garden standard look like five cents. Louis Noguira has a rich, steady and sensitive bass in the great tradition of Paul Plançon. If only English conductors could get as much strict and fiery playing out of our orchestras as Nicolai Malko!

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"The Other Love," at the Empire

The differences between sentiment and sentimentality—which I touched on last week, reviewing the delectable *The Well-Digger's Daughter*—have come home with a transatlantic vengeance. All the new films, including several not mentioned above, are American; all suffer from that mingling of crude sentimentality and technical gloss which stifles Hollywood talent. (Except, one hopes, Chaplin, whose Landru is on the way.) This sentimentality is the counterpart of national boost, sales talk, magazine advertisement; turn to the all-important household pages of the more expensive American magazines, and there among perfumes, rings, and minks you'll find the idyll that makes up nine American films out of ten. Sentimentality, shrewdly calculated, about sex, cash, childhood, old age—about everything. *Any* American film at the moment that avoids this commercial blight—sickening at times, surely, to all but the adolescent—is apt to appear a good film. Compare *The Well-Digger's Daughter*—no masterpiece—with any American film showing in London: the contrast is shocking. And there are half a dozen English films on at the moment, including *Odd Man Out* at one end and *The Man Within* at the other, that emphasise the same contrast.

In sentimentality, again, one must separate the genuine from the false. The average piece that goes the rounds possesses a full measure of both. If one, why not the other? Ladle it on, and they'll lap it up: restraint has never distinguished the Hollywood magnate. Nothing is easier than the corrupt appeal to emotion; nothing, given the right advertising approach, pays more handsomely.

Even the choicer American films of 1947 vintage contain an appalling quantity of emotional fake. I should like, for example, mildly to recommend *The Other Love*. But (look at the title!) how far does it get? A famous pianist (Barbara Stanwyck), being consumptive, goes to a Swiss sanatorium and breaks out rather than submit to a gruelling routine with early death perhaps at the end. Genuine conflict: genuine moments of pathos, when she lets her hands fall hopelessly on the piano she is supposed not to play, and comes on the sheeted horizontal figure carried out by a back door. Mountain views, ski-ers on the slope, village lights, the temperature chart, the X-ray plate—yes, the clinical nostalgia is very skilfully suggested. We could even accept the doctor (David Niven), who never speaks to another patient and falls in love with her instantly, in her runaway affair with a racing motorist, if it weren't that her whole emotional crisis were falsified by putting the triangular love-story first. Thus, everything is made the setting for moody erotics, and that is to see things the wrong way round, for we soon cease to be moved either by her love affairs or her approaching end. Death, here, is merely another scene with a bit of whimsical piano-playing. And Life? Cigarettes, champagne, the racing motorist, fashionable restaurants and the roulette tables. Music, you will notice, never seriously comes into the picture. A rather spoilt film, then, this individual and praiseworthy venture of Miss Stanwyck's. With less conventional timidity, it might have made a good one—as good, perhaps, as Miss Bette Davis's *Dark Victory*, which by its virtuosity romped home through similar situations.

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JONATHAN CAPE

Correspondence

MR. WALLACE AND HIS CRITICS

SIR,—It seems no longer fashionable to deal with written or spoken statements point by point upon their merits. Instead, the method most likely to produce violent reaction, and sometimes to gain welcome publicity, is to denounce whole statements and speeches categorically, with as much use of emotionally-toned language as can be crowded into the space or time available.

There is nothing new in this idea, but it should have died a natural death in civilised countries, if not before, at least after the publication of Professor Stebbing's book, *Thinking To Some Purpose*. I do not know whether this book was published in America, but if so its significance does not seem to have penetrated the minds of Congressmen in general. We remember some of the arguments produced during the debate on the British Loan—brilliant examples of hate and prejudice, unillumined even by a gleam of dispassionate logic.

A more recent example is the reaction to the utterances of Mr. Henry Wallace. Senator Vandenburg, for example, says:—

> I think it is a shocking thing when an American citizen goes abroad to organise the world against his own Government.
>
> *Senator Fulbright:* I do not know what Mr. Wallace is up to. Passages from his speeches sounded just as though they had been written in the Kremlin.
>
> *Senator George:* It is unthinkable that a former high Government official should publicly express direct opposition to the purposes and policies of his country. Mr. Wallace evidently does not correctly interpret the sentiments of the American people, and apparently does not understand what his own people are thinking.
>
> *Senator Robertson:* I think it is a hell of a situation when a man who has held high office in this country goes to another country and tries to persuade them against the policy of his own Government.

According to the *Daily Telegraph* reporter in Washington:—

> The fact that Mr. Wallace has been entertained by Mr. Attlee and given B.B.C. facilities has created astonishment here. State Department officials find it incomprehensible that the former Secretary of Commerce . . . should receive what appears to be official encouragement in Britain to attack a foreign policy which was itself a consequence of a belated S O S from the British Government.

The interesting point about all these comments is that their indignation is directed not so much at what Mr. Wallace has said, as at his temerity in saying anything at all. Mr. Wallace's motives, whether humanitarian or merely political, are not even discussed, and his arguments are not even questioned, let alone refuted. It is enough of a crime that he should have spoken at all in opposition to the declared policy of his country.

Is this not precisely the attitude which in some European and Asiatic countries has led to totalitarianism, and a ban on practically all utterances which are not Government-inspired? Surely the very life-blood of democracy is the right of the individual to express his opinions freely, whether they are for or against the immediate policy of his Government?

I do not for a moment suggest that Mr. Wallace is right in his diagnosis, and that the American Government policy is wrong, any more than I would suggest that the American Government is right, and Mr. Wallace wrong. I merely say that either of these alternatives is possible, in whole or in part, and each opponent should adduce arguments to support his own thesis. If the Senators do not like Mr. Wallace's ideas, the intelligent method of discrediting him is to take his arguments point by point, and expose their fallacies; not to rant and rave like Adolf Hitlers because other countries better understand the processes of democracy, and give him facilities to express his views, however controversial they may be.

Ridge Farm, near Corsham, Wiltshire. R. L. ALLEN

SIR,—I thought that you might like to hear what one of the Catholic readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION felt about the meeting at the Central Hall last Friday. The effect on me was the effect I hope it had on the rest of the audience, i.e., it encouraged me and sent me away feeling that I "ought to do something about it."

What impetus I have for trying to make the world better I derive partly from the fact that I am, by nature, humanitarian, but chiefly from my religion. You will probably hold that the terms "Catholic" and "Progressive" are mutually exclusive, but they are not, or, at any rate, *need* not be. The trouble is that so many Catholics do not follow out the logical implications of Christ's teaching. The doctrine of the brotherhood of man and its corollary of "One World" is nowhere so explicitly taught as in the New Testament and has seldom been preached so insistently and fearlessly as by the present Pope. And yet, I am ashamed to say that many Catholics in this country speak and act as though Christ had not enjoined on His followers, as the very touchstone of His teaching, that they should love their neighbour (and we know from His parable of the good Samaritan that, in the present instance, that "neighbour" would be Russia).

However, the unworthiness of Christians and their disloyalty to their Master's teaching do not invalidate Christianity, which still provides the greatest incentive for doing good.

I think that we all, both Catholics and Rationalists, should practise what we preach and, while hating what we believe to be error, try not to hate each other but to concentrate on those things in which we agree. There are plenty of these, otherwise I shouldn't read the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION so assiduously week by week. HENRY COLDHAM

[We have received a large number of letters of thanks and congratulations to Mr. Wallace.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—Mr. Swingler asks how an efficient army can be raised by voluntary means. The problem is not insoluble. To increase the Regular Army to 250,000 will require a monthly recruitment of 4,000: to maintain it at that figure will need only a monthly recruitment of 2,800. I see no reason why this should not be achieved if good pay and conditions are offered and a democratic plan is adopted which will give to every recruit the opportunity of rising to the highest ranks. Whilst I do not suggest that Army rates of pay should be higher than those paid in industry, I do not like the suggestion, implicit in the speeches of some supporters of the National Service Bill, that conscription is an easy way of getting an Army on the cheap.

But behind the opposition to conscription a greater issue lies. A political party may compromise on many matters (as the Labour Government has done in the sphere of Foreign Policy) and still, with some difficulty, retain its balance and keep its feet on level ground. But there comes a point when a further surrender of principle leads to moral instability and a glissade. In my view that point has now been reached. If, in addition to continuing a Tory Foreign Policy, the Labour Party adopts the Tory policy of conscription then, when the American Loan runs out and we are in the thick of an economic crisis, there will be little to stop a helpless and headlong slither down the slope that leads to Coalition and the formation of another National Government. We who went through "1931" have a right to be wary, and some of us fancy we can detect in the Parliamentary air the first, faint whiff of the poison that gassed us then.

I hope that Labour opponents of the Conscription Bill, regardless of personal consequences, will fight

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House of Commons.

M.I.5

SIR,—Your comment on the activity of M.I.5 struck me as fair, in so far as that body has not so far molested civilians very extensively (or if it has one does not hear of it). While most of your readers agree, as I feel that they would, that dossiers, political espionage, and the keeping of scores chalked against undesirables, must be fought, and fought consistently, I feel that it is upon the Special Branch of the C.I.D. rather than on M.I.5 that they should focus their attention. One has only to be seen in the vicinity of one of the more extreme and less popular Left-wing groups (Trotskyists, Anarchists—not so much Stalinists today, it seems) to make the acquaintance of this organisation. I do give it credit for possessing one inspector who could state on oath the difference between those bodies, but my own contacts (all wholly unofficial) with its activities have been displeasing. In a recent case, where members of one such party were sent to prison, a subsequent prosecution of a seller of that party's literature on a charge of obstruction was attended, unobtrusively, by the Branch; friends of the accused were gumshoed about London; another supporter had his flat broken into, and when he told the facts with understandable heat to a prison psychiatrist narrowly escaped certification as a case of persecution mania. A good many of us will remember the irritating if hilarious pursuit by the same body of leading Stalinists like Mr. Frank Pitcairn, and even if times have altered it is not like a good policeman to throw away an interesting dossier. The personal records, which I have reason to believe embrace almost everyone who has expressed criticism of existing institutions, should make interesting reading to any Labour Minister who cares to dip into them (he might well discover his own there). Since recent prosecutions suggest that ammunition for future charges, if such should be necessary to silence an awkward critic, is stored in those records, much of it derived from that eavesdropping of narks who are not even police officers, a bonfire of dossiers and the employment of some of the educated inspectors in productive work (seeing children across the road, or superintending your pedestrian crossing) might considerably lighten the load of irksome spying, threatening, and illegal interference from which minority organisations now suffer.

ALEX. COMFORT

THE STATE AND THE WRITER

SIR,—Will you allow me to make a few suggestions in support of Mr. Oliver Stonor's argument that assistance should be given to the creative artist in the shape of Income Tax relief?

Many years ago, in a series of letters to the press and one or two lectures, I drew attention to the anomalous position of what I prefer to call the creative intellectual worker, i.e., the author, artist, composer, scientist, inventor, and pleaded in his favour for a more equitable and logical application of the law. The points I made were as follows:—

Under the present Income Tax law the money paid to an author, artist, scientist or inventor for a book, a picture, a formula or a design for a machine is considered as clear profit and, but for a trifling allowance for expenses, is taxed as such. Once in the hands of the individual who has bought them, these productions become a capital investment and the buyer is entitled to deduct from the profits of their sale or exploitation not only the whole of the sum he paid for them but all expenses connected, however remotely, with the transaction. Furthermore, in the case of a collector buying an artist's picture, the picture becomes the collector's private property and can be sold again at a profit without a single penny being paid on the proceeds to the Inland Revenue.

If the liability to taxation of a man's work can thus vary as the work changes hands, it is clear that its classification is in need of readjustment and that the authorities should have the courage and discernment to create for its producer a special category that would distinguish him from the tradesman, the industrialist and in some respects from the professional man. For, unlike the tradesman and the industrialist, he cannot have anyone else do his work for him; unlike the professional man who, with a few exceptions, merely applies an acquired skill and knowledge, the creative worker, besides skill and knowledge, uses his special powers to give tangible form to ideas that are unique and personal; and when he disposes of these he is actually selling something akin to realisable assets or private property. It would not, therefore, seem unreasonable to suggest that:

(1) the money paid for the sale outright of an idea or a creative production should not be liable to taxation,

(2) the royalties or copyright fees paid for such productions should be looked upon as deferred payments by instalments for a sale outright.

I am aware that these proposals are not "likely to appeal to a British Chancellor" any more than the idea of "the wholesale endowment of writers," but a step towards a fairer treatment of creative workers in general might be taken if they were given, now, the benefit of a complete distinction between earned and unearned income and concessions equal to those granted to Trade and Business in respect of expenses, improvements and the wear and tear of a kind of machinery that can neither be renewed nor replaced nor sold like the stock of a tradesman, the plant of a manufacturer or the goodwill of a professional man.

It may take some time before the creative intellectual worker is given his proper status in modern society; there is no reason why he should, meanwhile, be deprived of the advantages conceded to a class in which he has been arbitrarily placed.

EDMUND DULAC

PAPER FOR BOOKS

SIR,—Reference your notes on the Book Crisis. Even with the intense shortage of paper, cloth for binding, etc., the publisher with a moral sense has unending difficulties, and especially the small firm. At the instance of a well-known professor at Cambridge I was asked if I would publish a textbook of a rare nature urgently required for a thousand students. The work has been laboriously prepared by a scholar with slender means. I was told that the limit which students could pay would be ten shillings for this work. Costs (competitive, too) have risen to such an absurdity that to produce the 1,000 copies at ten shillings each my firm would stand to lose £89 and that the published price would therefore have to be considerably increased to make the smallest profit. What is one to do? As a young firm we cannot afford to publish more copies in the hope that in years to come we shall exhaust the stock, and yet we would refrain from publishing "rubbish" wherever possible.

HERBERT VAN THAL

FRENCH COMMUNISTS

SIR,—*L'Humanité* was indeed suppressed on August 26th, 1939. It was on August 23rd that M. Ribbentrop arrived at Moscow and was received by M. Molotov and we all—except Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Neville Henderson—learned that war was inevitable.

L'Humanité and *Ce Soir* were the two papers in France that, having previously preached resolute action against Germany, now began to hesitate. The others remained firm. It may have been either wrong or a mistake to suppress first one and then the other, but the change of the Communists from "bellicism" to the reverse was certainly one of the great sources of moral weakness in the France of 1939-40.

As to M. Bonnet's statement to Count Welczek on July 1st, 1939, let us for once read it in its context.

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M. Bonnet states (Yellow Book, p. 170): "L'Ambassadeur ayant rappelé à nouveau que l'affaire de Dantzig était la dernière à laquelle s'intéressait l'Allemagne, je lui ai répondu que le Gouvernement du Reich avait déjà derrière lui l'Anschluss, les accords de Munich, le protectorat de la Bohême, le 15 Mars et qu'ainsi personne ne pouvait penser qu'il s'agissait d'une dernière revendication, car on ne manquerait pas d'en avoir d'autres.

"J'ai dit enfin a l'Ambassadeur qu'il pouvait constater en France le mouvement d'unanimité nationale qui s'était fait derrière le Gouvernement; les élections seraient suspendues, les réunions publiques arrêtées, les tentatives de propagande étrangère, quelles qu'elles soient réprimées, les communistes mis à la raison. La discipline et l'esprit de sacrifice du peuple français ne pouvaient être mis en doute par personne."

M. Bonnet's idea of how to make an all-out war was distinctly limited. He seems to have thought it consisted in police measures. What a pity that the French Communist press went some way to justify him between August 23rd and August 26th and the party a great deal further later! The passage in question seems a poor alibi for a party which is claiming to conduct the world through the next period of history. Mr. Robertson seems to think that Communist policy is based on personal pique. I respect it too much to suppose so. D. R. GILLIE

Paris.

FILMS AND LOCAL COUNCILS

SIR,—May I be allowed to follow my letter of February 5th, regarding the Manchester Corporation Bill's prohibition of the showing of 35 mm. films and those lasting over one hour in Manchester's Public Library with a note on an attempt now being made to include similar restrictions in the Dudley Corporation Bill now before Parliament?

The trade press reports (March 25th) that the Cinematograph Exhibitors Association have succeeded in moving an amendment to this Bill which would prohibit the Dudley Corporation from (a) showing other than 16 mm. films, (b) the showing of film programmes longer than 2,400 feet (approx. 26 mins.) and (c) showing films other than those dealing with the work of public authorities.

If these two occurrences indicate a definite policy on the part of the Cinematograph Exhibitors Association to tie the hands of all local authorities in the country who would wish to provide a cultural and educational film service to their citizens, it must be understood what this implies.

It is comparable to the booksellers' outcry at the institution of Public Libraries, and widespread success for such a policy would be equivalent in terms of books to the following:—

Public free libraries are prohibited from lending:—

(a) novels (other than novelettes);

(b) all text books other than those dealing with public works;

(c) all books longer than 200 pages.

In these terms the claims made in the C.E.A. amendment to the Dudley Corporation Bill can be seen for the outrageous restrictions which they are on non-commercial film shows.

All who see the importance of the film medium and respect its right to the same freedom as the press will, I am sure, do all they can to prevent such restriction. JACK CHAMBERS,

15 Half Moon Street, W.1. Hon. Sec., Film Committee, Association of Scientific Workers.

RECONSTRUCTION IN NORMANDY

SIR,—Some three weeks ago Critic reported in your columns that according to a friend of his, there was, practically speaking, no reconstruction in Normandy. My own impression, gathered after a ten-days' tour by car of the devastated regions of that province are entirely different. After having spent two whole days examining the work of clearance and building in Caen, accompanied by the local director of reconstruction, I found that by March last year, the following results had been achieved:—

(1) Three million cubic metres of rubble had been cleared.

(2) The services of gas, water, electricity and main drainage had been re-established.

(3) Eight hundred permanent houses of a very solid type had been constructed.

(4) Some hundreds of damaged houses had been reconditioned.

(5) Nearly two thousand prefabricated houses had been erected and were in occupation.

Since some ten thousand, out of the fifteen thousand houses in Caen, were totally destroyed, it is obvious that there are still many people living in extremely difficult conditions.

In Condé-sur-Noireau, a town of some nine thousand inhabitants before the war, about three hundred permanent houses had been erected by March, 1946, and about twice the number of prefabricated houses, Swedish, French or American made.

My own impression was, and is, that the present Government in Britain would do well to study and imitate French methods in this and many other respects.

Incidentally, Critic speaks of meals in Paris costing something under a pound. He is quite right. Having just returned from Paris, I found that a good three-course meal can be obtained almost anywhere for under five shillings, provided, naturally, that one avoids the places frequented by black marketeers.

23 Earl's Walk, Edwardes Square, W.8. ERIC WHELPTON

B.B.C. RELIGION

SIR,—As I anticipated, Mr. J. W. Herries welcomes the proposal which I mentioned as having been advocated by me in the Church Assembly, namely, that opportunity should be given on the radio for the expression of conflicting religious views. He does not agree with me as to the probable result, but, as the B.B.C. have now decided to sanction the course proposed, we must wait and see.

Mr. Herries propounds half a dozen separate questions. Each of them is of deep interest, and each has been the subject of many volumes. But, even in your hospitable and impartial columns, any reply by a layman like myself would perforce be inadequate. I will therefore only offer, with great respect, the two following observations:—

(1) Mr. Herries is by no means the first person to whom these questions have occurred. The doctrine of the Atonement is admittedly beset with difficulty to the human intellect. From Augustine and Anselm to Albert Ritschl and William Temple, conflict of mind has been evident and inevitable as well as simple faith. None of these men were duffers; indeed, it may fairly be claimed that throughout the centuries the exponents of Christian thought have compared favourably in intellectual stature with their critics. But the men I have named, although holding differing theories as to the method of operation of the Atonement, all agreed that in Christ man is reconciled to God.

(2) There is enough, says Mr. Herries, in the teachings of Jesus without the Atonement doctrine. But consideration of the teachings of Jesus brings us up against the question, Who was He? The Christian Church holds that He was, and is, God. If that tenet be rejected, we need trouble ourselves no further with the Atonement—it is meaningless. But, if Jesus was and is God, then a series of inquiries arises which only the doctrine of the Atonement answers. And I venture to submit, that amid the circumstances and problems of today, the supreme question is as urgent and relevant as ever—the question which stirred old Jerusalem, when "all the city was moved, saying Who is This?" J. H. HIGGINSON

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

A NOVEL has recently appeared in "The World's Classics" entitled *The Golden Lion of Granpère*. It is the story of two young lovers who are separated by a fortuitous misunderstanding until the author, feeling he has given his customers their money's-worth, polishes the book off with the wedding that one foresees from the first. The characters are no more noticeable than the plot. They are natives of the Vosges, in which the action occurs: possibly the author was aiming at an idyll comparable with *La mare au diable* and *La petite Fadette*. He lacks, however, George Sand's feeling for nature and distinction of style. The book strikes me as one of the most unnecessary works ever printed: I failed to find in it one interesting sentence, and it fell stillborn from the press seventy years ago. Why then has it been disinterred and enthroned among the Classics? Because it came from the pen of Anthony Trollope.

It is now as much as one's place is worth to say a word against Trollope: he has been providing so many with an asylum against a world all rigour and violence. Nor have I a word against "escapist" literature as such: is there any book worth re-reading that could not be given this bad name? My objection to Trollope is that in most of his books I don't escape enough. I keep looking up from the page and thinking of something less cosy. The love-affairs of his amiable couples leave me indifferent—not because I know they will end happily, but because the author never lets slip a remark about love that is in any way penetrating. This last indictment might be brought also against other Victorian novelists: one wishes that Dickens for instance had not felt a "love interest" to be a structural necessity. In his works, however, it is all but concealed by a luxuriance of creepers.

I don't suggest that Trollope can be judged on *The Golden Lion*. Any author may properly want to try his hand at a new *genre*, and come to grief. Trollope had indeed already made two similar attempts, *Nina Balatka* and *Linda Tressel*, publishing them anonymously—so he explained—in order to discover whether good work would sell without the advantage of a well-known signature. When a critic detected the authorship of one of these, Trollope thought him ill-natured; one may presume that in some part of himself he knew they could do him no credit.

Undeterred by *The Golden Lion*, I next set myself to simmer in other novels by Trollope that have lately been republished, *John Caldigate*, *Mr. Scarborough's Family* (also in the World's Classics, *Oxford Press*, 6s. each) and *Dr. Wortle's School*, which is joined with *Barchester Towers* and four short stories in a hefty volume edited by Mr. John Hampden (*Novels and Stories* by Anthony Trollope *Pilot Press*, 15s.).

John Caldigate was written in 1877. The hero is sent to prison for bigamy, and then his innocence is established by a Post Office official who is a connoisseur of stamps and postmarks, the author drawing on his old experience in the G.P.O. Part of the action takes place, not very convincingly, in the Australian goldfields, at which Trollope had taken a peep. This novel, unlike *The Golden Lion*, is perfectly professional. It cannot, however, be recommended with any confidence except to devotees, for the characters while not improbable fail to be interesting—with one exception, to which I shall return.

Dr. Wortle's School was written in three weeks in 1879. Bigamy, the only form of adultery that Victorian novelists were allowed to dwell upon, again provides the plot, this time bigamy that is indisputable though unintentional. The interest of the story is focused upon Dr. Wortle torn between his duty to his family and his sympathy with a pair of middle-aged lovers who refuse to separate though their marriage turns out to be invalid. The inevitable pair of young lovers waste little of our time: they serve only to furnish a happy ending with Dr. Wortle soaring out of his anxieties to become the father-in-law of a Lord. A readable book, and much the better for being short. We have Mr. Michael Sadleir's authority for the statement that the pugnacious, obstinate, broad-minded doctor holds a large element of self-portraiture. The tales bound up in the same volume are neither good enough nor bad enough to require comment.

Mr. Scarborough's Family, so the blurb informs us, reminded Hugh Walpole of Peacock and Samuel Butler—dear, good fellow, he so enjoyed taking the rosy view! Though I can see nothing of these authors in the book, it is a remarkable novel, conspicuously superior, in my opinion, to the others I have been discussing. To begin with it has a most ingenious plot: a man with a large entailed estate marries clandestinely, and after the birth of his eldest son, has a second wedding with his wife, thus making it possible to choose which of his two sons he shall proclaim as the legitimate heir. More important, the novel—the last book but one that Trollope completed—is given a fine sharp edge by the disagreeableness of the chief characters. Most of us take an increasingly black view of the world as we grow older, finding in it a reflection of our own decay. Whereas this usually turns men into grumpy Conservatives, Trollope seems to have soured into a Radical. Though in his autobiography he denies any change in his political opinions, his early books contain laments over the declining strength of the landed proprietors. Later he saw these selling themselves to the industrial *parvenus*, and in 1868 he stood for Parliament as a Liberal. Failure aggravated his disillusionment. He trounced the Age in *The Way We Live Now* (1873); and, in the subsequent novels that I have been discussing, he has broken with the conventional morality of the mid-Victorians as well as with their optimism. Here is a significant passage from *Mr. Scarborough's Family*, written in 1882 when he was sixty-six.

> There was none of that love of him for himself for which an old man is always hankering, for which the sick man breaks his heart; but which the old and sick find it so difficult to get from the young and healthy. It is in nature that the old man should keep the purse in his own pocket, or otherwise he will have so little to attract. He is weak, querulous, ugly to look at, apt to be greedy, cross and untidy.

Trollope hardly bothers to conceal the admiration, not to say the sympathy, he feels for the sardonic and unscrupulous Mr. Scarborough: look at his epitaph:

> One cannot make an apology for him without being ready to throw all truth and morality to the dogs. But if you can imagine for yourself a state of things in which neither truth nor morality shall be thought essential, then old Mr. Scarborough would be your hero. He was the bravest man I ever knew. He was ready to look all opposition in the face, and prepared to bear it down. And whatever he did, he did with the view of accomplishing what was right for other people. Between him and his God I cannot judge, but he believed in an Almighty one and certainly went forth to meet Him without a fear in his heart.

Though he does not make this pronouncement in his own person, Trollope agrees with it: he has moved a long way from the simplicity of his early books. We are treated to the usual love affair between a good, brave, loyal girl and a typical Trollope hero, which means a young man who is not too good to be true. Otherwise little that is cosy. How excellent a character is Mr. Prosper, whose attempt to marry beneath him and out of spite reveals what I like best in Trollope, his gift for social comedy. (I wish I could discover the meaning of "despatched crab," a dish that plays an important part in this episode: the Oxford Dictionary throws no light.) *Mr. Scarborough's Family* I should place high in the Trollope canon, despite the repetitions that were presumably intended for the serial reader. The author died before its publication as a book, or perhaps he would have removed these, though I gather from Mr. Sadleir that such revision was not his usual practice.

Having read these four books I turned to *Trollope—A Commentary* (*Constable* 10s.), by Mr. Michael Sadleir, who has done more than anyone—except perhaps Hitler—to re-establish the popularity of Trollope's novels. He seldom makes any excessive claim. He declares indeed that no novelist is more flawless than Trollope in characterisation. This may be true—it is not such high praise as it sounds. Trollope's characters are signally credible. The men, at any rate, reveal the weaknesses and inconsistencies that belong to the human condition: even the bad lots have streaks of good in them. It is not enough, though, for characters to be lifelike; they need to be life-enhancing; and this usually means they must be larger than life. If Trollope seldom fell short of verisimilitude, he does not often transcend it. His characters are like the persons one meets in a ship or an hotel; their ways become familiar, you feel you have known them always, and a week after leaving you can't remember a thing about them. Mrs. Proudie, Lady Glencora, Planty Pal—how few other of his creations have passed into those Elysian Fields where Moll Flanders chuckles comfortably at Mrs. Elton, and Becky Sharp recognises a sister in Mme Marneffe, and M. de Charlus fixes Chad Newsome with a balefully appraising stare!

A claim justly urged for Trollope is that he treats his characters with extraordinary fairness. Whereas novelists incline either to pet or to ill-treat the children of their imagination, he is at once equitable in his summings-up and merciful in his sentences. He carries into his fiction the good feeling that distinguished him in life, the type of good feeling that stands up to shocks of disappointment because it is buttressed with a genial cynicism. Consequently, he persuades us, as a rule, to accept his characters at his valuation; and this, I suggest, is more important in the art of fiction than is usually admitted. How often I, at any rate, find myself rebelling against some great novelist's favourite, unable to control my distaste for Pamela, Fanny Price, Little Dorrit or Maggie Verver! Can anyone not prefer Henry Crawford to Edmund Bertram? Trollope's heroes and even his heroines, though he may find them more attractive than I do, are at least never a mixture of slyness and semolina.

If knowledge of human nature were the first virtue in a novelist, Trollope would be a Himalaya, and Dickens only a foothill. It is this knowledge that allows him wonderfully to survive, the only writer to do so without style, wit, trenchancy, fire or poetic feeling. Mr. Sadleir, rightly praising Trollope's tolerance and detachment, offers this comment: "He approves virtue and deplores vice, but he refuses to become excited either over ugliness or beauty." This explains at once why some of us refuse to become excited over him.

"Then why do you bother to read him, when there are so many good books you've never read?" The answer is that I am passionately interested in the Victorian Age, and that no other novelist furnishes so much trustworthy information about it. The same tepidity of imagination that disparages Trollope as a novelist recommends him as an historian. Whereas the genius of Dickens offers us a panorama wildly misleading in its grand romanticism, Trollope lives down to Stendhal's low definition of the novel as a promenading looking-glass. When he attributes to a character an action, a phrase or a moral attitude, one can accept this as evidence of what a real person of a similar sort would have been likely to do or say or feel.

I have space for only a few instances. From *Mr. Scarborough's Family* one learns that Trollope thought it "wrong" for a lady to garden without wearing gloves; and that by the Eighties it had become customary for a girl to write and receive letters "without any supervision from their elder friends," a change that had, however, caused no deterioration in their morals or habits. From *John Caldigate* one can get much information about the Evangelicals at their grimmest: I found the novel worth reading for the sake of Mrs. Belton. She never allows her daughter to eat away from home, even with an aunt; she deprecates the notion of her daughter marrying, because "men are so wicked." "Self-scourging

with rods as a penance, was to her thinking a papistical ordinance most abominable and damnatory; but the essence of the self-scourging was as comfortable to her as ever was a hair-shirt to a Roman Catholic enthusiast." She "shuddered, not altogether uncomfortably, at the torments prepared for others." "If it was the will of the Almighty—as it clearly was the will of the Almighty—that, out of every hundred, ninety-and-nine should perish, could she dare now to pray for more than one?" The bitterness of the late Trollope gives a touch of passion to this portrait: "What very righteous person," he exclaims, "ever believed in the repentance of an enemy?" Trollope always disliked the Evangelicals; Mr. Slope, however, is innocent and superficial compared with Mrs. Belton—a Leech by the side of a Daumier. If Mrs. Belton appeared in Dickens, she would merely amuse me, as Mrs. Pardiggle does. Finding her in Trollope, I am appalled, taking the portrait to be true and typical, none the less so because the type was not very common.

One word more. After reading these novels that were new to me, I started on *Barchester Towers*; and I could not get off it: it goes at a gallop instead of an amble. The sad thing about Trollope is that his narration became flatter, as his view of life became more searching.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THROUGH BRITISH EYES

Defeat in the West. By MILTON SHULMAN *Secker and Warburg.* 15s.

This is the first attempt to tell the story of the German Army during the war. It sketches its history from Versailles to the spring of 1944 and gives a detailed account of the Western campaign until the final collapse. The book was well worth publishing, for it contains a mass of fascinating unpublished material, and the author, who interrogated many German generals, introduces one personally, as it were, to them and amplifies our knowledge of the German General Staff's relations with Hitler.

But it is not the first history of the German Army; it is the last Intelligence Summary. The Intelligence Summaries, produced by SHAEF, Army Groups and Armies were often good reading. They were informative though verbose; written against time, but racy in style; objective in the conclusions which they drew from facts, but not in their presentation of the facts—for, naturally, one seized the opportunity to take a rise out of the enemy, to jeer at his misfortunes and to sound the trumpets when he was smitten with disaster. They were, in fact, when things went well, designed to heighten the morale of the operations staff. Major Shulman's book has all these qualities and defects. He ticks off Hitler and his generals good and proper. Is it really fair to sneer at generals like Remcke for swearing to hold Brest till the last man and then surrendering when all the facilities the Allies desired had been destroyed and ammunition exhausted? After all, officers who won the Victoria Cross have been known to surrender. German Intelligence was shocking throughout the war, but if it is to be criticised for failing to gauge the strength of Russian resistance, then Allied Intelligence should be similarly blamed. There are also some minor slips of fact (and grammar). The Germans never "reached the heart of the Caucasian oilfields"; it surely cannot be argued that the invasion of Crete set back the date of the invasion of Russia by a week; and Mr. Trevor-Roper's work has superseded the penultimate chapter. The story is told, and well told, but I could wish that the author had been more objective and less cock-a-hoop in his account.

For there is one major criticism which must be made. Major Shulman never really discusses the problems which face students of German strategy. Could Germany have afforded to evacuate the Balkans and lose a source of vital raw materials earlier? Should they have fought in Italy or retired at once to the Alps? The author makes Hitler the villain of the piece. Hitler's failure to take Gibraltar or Malta; his mad invasion of Russia and declaration of war on the U.S.A.; his refusal to give Rommel extra support and his fanatical resolve never to yield an inch of ground; all these were strategic follies. In particular the author produces a wealth of evidence to show how Hitler by 1944 was trying to command virtually every single division in the German Army from his H.Q. and issuing detailed orders for situations which, at a distance of hundreds of miles, he could not judge. Major Shulman argues that Rundstedt was right in preferring to abandon Normandy and fight a planned withdrawal from the Seine via the Somme to the Siegfried line. Personally, I think Hitler was correct in ordering his armies to fight it out in the Cotentin Peninsula. Of course, he held on too long. But what chance had an army short of motor transport and largely dependent on horse-drawn vehicles in a long withdrawal against overwhelming Allied tank and air superiority? Why should the Germans, unable to hold a narrow front, have been more capable of holding a front across the breadth of France? Hitler never permitted his army to acquire the state of mind which regarded withdrawal as inevitable; had he been a general, the end would have come sooner. Rundstedt, moreover, despised Hitler's Ardennes offensive. Yet it was the only stroke which could conceivably have saved the situation, and it was delivered in the right weather and brilliantly concealed. No retreat behind the Rhine could have given him that last chance.

It may be hard to judge such questions, particularly since the author is rightly concerned to show that, although some members of the General Staff knew that the war was lost directly the Allies established themselves in France, they were shocked by the action of the July plotters. Nevertheless, on purely military grounds, Hitler was not always, even at the end, in the wrong.

Moreover, this account is less than fair to the qualities of the German Army—and to Goebbels. Surely the time has come when we can dispassionately sum up Goebbels's achievement. Alone among the Nazi leaders he could say at the end, "I have not failed." However deplorable his aims and technique, we must face the fact that he succeeded. The home front under ghastly air bombardment held, and the army until it withdrew east of the Rhine never cracked. It may be true that too much discipline in an army produces appalling *political* effects and to some extent stultifies leadership; but *militarily* it is practically pure gain. No doubt the German Army in the autumn of 1944 had luck. The Allied failure to open up Antwerp quickly, the lull on the Eastern front, untapped reserves of inferior manpower, the weather and the terrain gave them time to breathe. But it was a staggering achievement to rally an army which had lost a million men, and to give them the heart to launch a mid-winter offensive, while all the time they were suffering heavy casualties. For two and a half years the German Army endured a succession of almost unbroken reverses; its air force was shot out of the skies; it faced immense superiority in manpower and equipment; its parents, wives and children were bombed; and it had no hope of success. Yet it continued to fight. How did it thus defy augury? First because the ordinary German soldier was very brave, only surpassed in this, perhaps, in Europe by the Russian; despite the losses of their best men, in futile actions on the Eastern front, the military technique of the fighting troops remained remarkably high. But part of the credit must go to Goebbels. Major Shulman in his exultant description of the collapse does little justice to German courage. The military historian of the future with the German archives at his disposal should be able to compile an accurate record of the campaigns. But he may well pause in astonishment, when he completes his task, at the qualities of morale exhibited by the Germans, as indeed the British soldiers, faced by the young parachutists in April, 1945, wondered at the fight which they put up when all was lost.

NOEL ANNAN

CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT TEARS

The Rise of Christianity. By ERNEST WILLIAM BARNES. *Longmans.* 15s.

This book has been written in the endeavour to "reach the truth so far as it can be ascertained" about Christianity. It is intended for those who "desire an account of" the origin of the Christian faith "which shall be, so far as is possible, without bias." Dr. Barnes claims that as the result of his inquiry there emerges "a lovely and satisfying faith which contains the essentials of the great Christian tradition." It is, moreover, a faith which, in his view, explains why "since the gospel was first proclaimed," men "worshipped Jesus the Christ as divine." I must confess that it does not explain it to me. For this by any reckoning is an odd book to come from a bishop of the established Anglican Church.

The virgin birth is denied. All the stories connected with "the birth and early life of Jesus... are not history; they are edifying legend." "The details of the story" of Jesus's baptism "are plainly legendary." The story of the temptation of Jesus in the wilderness "is a pure allegory." The account of the transfiguration "arose as a post-resurrection myth." As the gospel story proceeds, "myth and marvel become steadily more in evidence." The accounts of the empty tomb and the resurrection belong to "the domain of religious romance, not of religious history." They are "attempts to buttress spiritual certainty by material fact." Thus the story of Jesus's appearance to the disciples at Emmaus is dismissed as a rationalisation of "spiritual experience"; it is not history. A similar treatment is accorded to all Jesus's alleged post-resurrection appearances. As for the Ascension, it is dismissed on the ground that its astronomy "is naïvely pre-Copernican."

Dr. Barnes explains to us, with copious illustrations, the tendency of metaphor to become myth and myth to masquerade as history. As for the miracles, he has little patience with the modern tendency to surrender all the other miracles "on condition that the virgin birth and the physical resurrection of Jesus are retained." The virgin birth and the physical resurrection having been consigned to the category of legend and romance, the miracles naturally follow suit.

The gospels come in for similarly drastic treatment; so does most of Christ's teaching. Two examples must suffice. The substance of Mark, which did not, as most of us have been taught, come from Peter, is nothing but "a disordered narrative, a collection of fragments of teaching... a series of recollections and stories from many sources." The Fourth Gospel, though an expression of religious genius is "religious-symbolism rather than history," a "sustained allegory rather than a record of fact." Of its author we know nothing. Characteristic of the treatment of Jesus's teaching is the remark that "nothing can be determined... as to what Jesus thought of conditions in the life after death."

What, then, remains? A spiritual relation is affirmed between Jesus and God which is correctly interpreted by the saying "I am in the Father, and the Father in Me." Jesus's life is that "which God would have lived under human limitations." Jesus, in fact, manifests God's nature, which is why Paul could write that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." The true interpretation of Jesus's alleged physical appearances after his bodily death is contained in the saying ascribed to the risen Jesus, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," although as Jesus did not rise in a physical sense it is a little difficult to see how He could have said this.

Dr. Barnes's meaning, however, is clear enough. Throughout the Christian centuries men have believed in the inward presence of the Spirit

of Christ which gave them guidance. This is the true explanation of the facts alleged to have occurred at Pentecost; it also constitutes the most reasonable interpretation of the coming of the Holy Ghost. The power of Jesus's presence enabled the disciples to perform prodigies with the result that Christianity survived and prospered. But the presence of Jesus was spiritual only. The strongest evidence for the truth of Christianity is constituted by the miracle that Christianity did, in fact, survive. This Dr. Barnes calls "the supreme miracle of history," on which the appropriate comment seems to be that, if there is no more in Christianity than Dr. Barnes allows, the miracle that he postulates is even more startling than the myths he rejects.

For why, it may be asked, if this is all that there is to the New Testament story, should Christianity have survived? Why, indeed, all the fuss? Dr. Barnes excuses himself for abandoning belief in the resurrection as a physical fact and for taking the miraculous out of Christianity, by appealing to the scientifically established fact of the uniformity of nature. We cannot, he implies, "out of deference to religious sentiment" gainsay "the outlook created by modern science." Yet he admits that once we go behind "the large-scale domains" of the physical world experienced by our senses and consider the world of infinitesimals, the uniformity of nature may no longer be a fact. Why, then, since this principle is admittedly not omni-prevalent should it be judged sufficient to justify the abandonment of two thousand years of religious tradition? Apart from its failure to apply to infinitesimals, the principle, though operative everywhere in the macroscopic universe, fails to account for it. It may explain the workings of the physical world; it does not explain the fact that there is a physical world to explain. This, presumably, began somehow. The theistic explanation is that its origin was due to a mighty act, an act of creation by God. Once the necessity for such an act be admitted—and Dr. Barnes does not, I think, deny this—why should the possibility that God intervenes in the world with other "mighty acts," such as the calling of the "chosen people" or the incarnation of Jesus be ruled out of court? For this, surely, is the central core of the Christian religion that "so God loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son to the end that all that believe in Him should not perish." Does Dr. Barnes believe this? I suppose he would say that he does, since he writes, "I, too, so worship . . . Jesus the Christ as divine." Yet "out of deference to" scientific "sentiment" he eviscerates the concept of Christ of many of the attributes in which His divinity has been traditionally supposed to reside. We are left with the picture of an ethically very good man preaching Socialism, Pacifism and Internationalism, who is guided and sustained by the indwelling presence of God with whom He holds continual communion. But to live a good life is not to be divine and many other great men, as Dr. Barnes points out, "have had a profound conviction that they were guided by that Inner Light which is a witness to . . . the activity of God." One is left to wonder what there is left to the founder of Christianity that is both distinctive and unique.

It may, of course, be the case that Dr. Barnes is right and that Christianity is false. What I do not think to be possible is that Dr. Barnes should *both* be right and Christianity true. This being so, I find it difficult to deny myself the indulgence of putting to him two questions. Does he think that a Christianity which amounts to no more than he allows, a Christianity which accepts as ultimate the uniformity of nature, which carefully refrains from affronting modern science and which reduces Christ to the status of a first-rate ethical teacher —

(i) could in the past have made such an impact upon history as to have turned the Western world upside down; and

(ii) will survive as a distinctive and living creed in the future?

For fifty years theologians, seeking to appease the scientists, have been trying to make Christianity reasonable, and for fifty years it has been dying. The only churches which retain any semblance of vigour are those which, showing no deference to scientific sentiment, have defiantly insisted on those unreasonable, those, from the scientific point of view, sensationally unreasonable elements in the Christian faith which Dr. Barnes is anxious to excise.

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NEW NOVELS

Death, Where is Thy Victory? By DANIEL-ROPS. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.

The Angelic Avengers. By PIERRE ANDRÉZEL. *Putnam.* 10s. 6d.

Who Rides A Tiger. By MONTAGU SLATER. *The Bodley Head.* 7s. 6d.

Dark-Eyed Lady. By A. E. COPPARD. *Methuen.* 9s. 6d.

M. Mauriac admires the fiction of Mr. Charles Morgan; M. Gide, that of Mr. John Steinbeck—well-known facts repeated here because they suggest a moral: in the presence of a new French novel perhaps the English reviewer had better beware. If, faced with contemporary English and American novels, minds as powerful, sensitive and subtle as M. Mauriac's and M. Gide's fall into what seem to many of us aberrations of taste and judgment, is it likely that his taste and judgment will be any more sure when confronted with contemporary French work? The truth seems to be that, despite the large common territory of feeling and experience in which French and English are alike at home, at their extremes, and perhaps even at their most typical, the two peoples are alien from each other. And it is, of course, precisely what is alien in each that the other finds most disturbing and significant. Reading M. Gide, M. Mauriac, M. Sartre, how often has one felt uncomfortably like the old Victorian lady who summed up her reactions to *Antony and Cleopatra* in the immortal words, "So unlike the home-life of our own dear Queen!" Possibly M. Mauriac has a similar feeling while reading *Sparkenbroke*. One assesses the essentially strange at one's peril.

Essentially strange *Death, Where Is Thy Victory?* is bound to appear to the ordinary non-Catholic Englishman. One can set it in a context, of course: Baudelaire, Bloy, Péguy, Bernanos, Mauriac; but how good it is of its kind is another matter. Here is a characteristic passage—the heroine is about to prostitute herself to an old man she finds physically loathesome in order to get back her lover's signed confession that he has murdered his wife:

> . . . The young woman's face was sharpened by cogitation and fear, and she herself was in thrall to a nameless terror. Her mind was a battleground

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for conflicting thoughts. She tasted despair, and at the same time experienced a sort of diabolic joy. Yes, this was how it had been. The Abbé Pérouze was right, and from the moment that she had given her vote for ill it was quite natural that she should be its first victim. That was in the logic of things. It seemed to her that the destiny opening before her exacted her submission to evil, ordained that she should play out this horrible game to the end.

The author's theme is a woman's deliberate choosing of evil, her subsequent discovery that "the being, divorced from its conscience, is no better than shapeless driftwood borne away on the great floods," and her final deliverance through the agency of the man by whom she had first been made conscious of evil. The superficial comparison would be with Mauriac; but M. Daniel-Rops is a much more romantic writer. The impassioned drama of Laura's turbulent soul is played out largely against a turbulent background of mountains and rivers. M. Daniel-Rops treats his theme melodramatically and frequently over-writes; there is always a suspicion of "ham" in his handling of the subject. And the novel is much too long. The value of the book lies in the character of Laura and the Baudelairean nature of the evil that she experiences, evil suffered and committed with "a sort of diabolic joy." What is most impressive is that M. Daniel-Rops creates in Laura a woman of real stature both emotionally and intellectually, a girl who in the eighteen-eighties sees herself consciously as a woman in revolt, a follower of Ibsen's Nora who, intoxicated and for the time apparently liberated by Nietszche, is prepared in full awareness to live beyond good and evil. She is that rare character in contemporary fiction—less rare in French than in English—the genuinely tragic heroine. The translation, which seems good, is by Viola Garvin.

Evil rears its head also in *The Angelic Avengers* and *Who Rides a Tiger*. In the former it is a theme for embroidery; in the latter one feels that it is no more than the fashionable reference necessary to any novelist who would be "contemporary." *The Angelic Avengers*, said to be by a Frenchman but not, apparently, a translation, is a period-piece with little sense of period; it is as though a novel by Joseph Shearing had been re-written by Aubrey Beardsley. The following, for example, is pure *Under the Hill* shorn of the obscenities:

> The varying figures of the cotillon wound in and out in the ballroom, and, every second, brought new enchanting surprises. A small chariot, drawn by two snow-white angora goats, and piled with bouquets, rolled in and was surrounded and plundered, and immediately after, like an elysian torrent, hundreds of roses poured down from the ceiling. During the next figure a little gaudy gilt pagoda was carried into the room, and a tiny Chinaman from it distributed dainty fans and delicate silk bells. The big room was fluttering and twittering like an aviary. . . .

In part a pastiche of early Victorian fiction—the period is the Eighteen-Forties—the novel opens with a virtuous and beautiful governess running away from the advances of a wicked employer. But the main action is set in France where the two girls, the angelic avengers of the title, are the pupils of a saintly old English non-conformist divine who turns out to be a devil-worshipper and white-slaver. But essentially the decoration is more important than the structure. It is gay, witty, charming and far too long: a fairy-tale that doesn't quite come off.

Whatever M.I.5 may know about me, I know nothing about M.I.5, and am therefore in no position to assess the accuracy of *Who Rides a Tiger*. Mr. Slater, I think misguidedly, makes his hero and narrator a member of that body. He writes very well in a dry, wry style, and the book is worth reading for its incidentals, in particular for an excellent description of life in a small north-west port. The trouble is, his hero is tough, he knows all the answers: "I can't describe how she looked. 'Purity,' 'innocence' are the words that come to the surface, but they echo from an ironical past." He's not to be kidded. One of his accomplishments is "to kiss passionately while laughing." As for the story, Mr. Slater does not give us enough details to make belief possible. The hero's job is to frame Professor MacNally, a key-scientist of the recent war, "a heavy browed man with a mop of lion hair, skin that might have been dirty or merely unfortunate in its discoloration, thick sensual lips curved in emotions one would hardly hope to understand beyond knowing they were complex." Why M.I.5 should want to frame him one isn't told. He is "bad at heart," but surely that is not enough. The frame-up consists of inducing a girl with an illegitimate baby to bring an affiliation order against him, part of the evidence being a photograph of a party at which the girl poses in the nude with MacNally sitting in the front row of the spectators. The case is dismissed; rightly, in my opinion; M.I.5 ought to be able to do better than that.

What is there new to say about Mr. Coppard, that veteran short story writer? He himself calls his stories tales, and the difference is precisely what sets him apart from practically all other living English short story writers. He is an adept at "telling the tale," with all that that implies. He could make a story out of anything, and one reads him as though listening to his voice, for he is a master of picturesque, idiosyncratic, racy expression seemingly as spontaneous as speech, a style too light, one would have said, too wilful for the tragic theme. Yet it is here, it seems to me, in such a piece as the title-story, that he is most successful.

WALTER ALLEN

RECENT ART BOOKS

Giovanni Bellini. By PHILIP HENDY and LUDWIG GOLDSCHEIDER. *Phaidon Press.* 25s.

Vuillard—His Life and Work. By CLAUDE ROGER-MARX. *Paul Elek.* 25s.

Braque Le Patron. By JEAN PAULHAN. *Trois Collines*, and Secker & Warburg. 35s.

Rome. By KATERINA WILCZYNSKI. *Nicholson and Watson.* 18s. 6d.

The long-awaited Phaidon Bellini, announced as long ago as the autumn of 1945, has at last made its appearance on the bookstalls. So admirably produced a volume on so great a painter deserves a heavy sale, now that a wide public exists for books on art. It is true that the subject has already been thrashed out by Roger Fry, Gronau, Gamba and others, and that any comprehensive Bellini bibliography will today run into twelve pages of print or more; yet all admirers of Venetian painting who do not possess an extensive collection of photographs, will have to add this volume to their library for the sake of the illustrations. There are some detailed photographs of great beauty which have never before been assembled between the covers of a book, and the generous scale of each reproduction—larger, we are told in the Foreword, than any made from Bellini's work before—goes some way towards explaining his monumental stature to anyone who cannot claim an intimate acquaintance with his work, profusely scattered as it is over Europe and America. I find myself in disagreement with some of Mr. Hendy's statements in his introduction: for example, he seems to underestimate the importance of Jacopo Bellini as a formative influence on his son, to miss the iconographical significance of the Frick "St. Francis," and to be stretching a point too far in his analogy between Antonello and Modigliani.

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But the great merit of this book is that it leaves Bellini's art to speak for itself, and some hint of his fevered response to the spectacle of nature rises from the leaden page.

Titian died more than a hundred and forty years after Giovanni Bellini was born, but the two artists were working in Venice at the same time over a period of about eight years, when they painted some of their noblest pictures. The "Feast of the Gods" in the National Gallery in Washington, a ravishing detail of which is included in the Phaidon volume, was the fruit of their collaboration—so delicate a fusion of ripe wisdom and romantic whim, that it would have been impossible to tell which sections were from the hand of a man of eighty and which from the hand of a youth, if documents and X-ray photographs had not come to the historian's rescue. Some bond of sympathy drew age and youth together to achieve this fabulous partnership. It is curious to reflect that one of these two had once been responsible for the "Transfiguration" in the Correr Museum in Venice, which almost fixes the point of departure for a long journey, the most productive ever undertaken in the history of painting; and that the other would one day beget the Impressionist "Madonna" in the Mond Bequest to the National Gallery, which almost represents its culmination. Bellini set out on this journey to conquer nature, and some demon swept him halfway along the road. Others made perhaps more spectacular advances, but lost their way, or through spiritual exhaustion abandoned the struggle before the end, or died too soon. No painter has ever covered so much ground so nimbly as Bellini, unless it be Titian who took over from him and completed the course.

I do not wish to suggest that Bellini or any other painter for that matter must necessarily improve with each new stride along the road. Art does not progress in this way, it merely changes. But if the artist falters on the approach of middle age, if he decides to retrace his steps along comfortable by-paths, his art is in danger of drying up. This, much simplified, is the life story of Édouard Vuillard. Beginning as one of the most talented members of the "Nabis" group—and what could be more delightful than his decorations for Natanson and Vaquez, executed in the Nineties?—Vuillard came to rely too much on normality and quiet taste to be able to draw sustenance from the great pictorial revolution of the twentieth century. A shade more insolence, and he could have taken Matisse in his stride; a shade more fantasy, and Braque could have led him into fruitful paths. But he took to naturalistic portraiture of women in expensive dressing-rooms and prosperous dealers holding forth to their friends in front of mantelpieces, not because he hankered after smart society, but out of some misguided self-effacement, with the result that sometimes the subject of his picture slipped from his grasp; and took charge. With nothing to fall back on but good taste and an honest vision which embraced too many commonplace objects, the personality of the painter fades, and we are left with nothing but a timid reconstruction, very valuable no doubt to the social historian, of Jos Hessel at breakfast, or a still-life of Anna de Noailles reclining on her bed.

M. Claude Roger-Marx, whose father was one of Vuillard's earliest patrons, is well equipped to write the biography of the painter. Generally he treats his subject with such sympathy and good sense that statements like the following cannot be his fault but the translator's: "For the most part, they [Vuillard's small *genre* paintings] are inspired by family life. The characters, for all their out-of-fashion garments, achieve, like Seurat's, a touching picturesqueness." (p. 47). "In the course of his villeggiatures, Vuillard discovered pleasures which were not the privilege of a caste, and an odour which did not reek of the new" (p. 77). The sentences are broken up by forced adjectives and erratic commas like hurdles on a race reputed to be flat. Mass Observation would be performing a useful service if it were to discover how many people, sufficiently interested in modern painting to buy a book of this sort, preferred the French original to a poor translation. 75 per cent yes, 20 per cent no, 5 per cent don't know? In any case, the "Ayes" would have it.

An experiment is being made to sell *Braque le Patron* on the English market. True, all but a few paragraphs of Paulhan's introduction have already appeared in a good translation in *Horizon* for May, 1945, but the existence of a crib should not deter anyone from reading him in the original. Paulhan has one formidable weapon to brandish over the heads of other art critics: he is a literary man; and the reader instead of being irritated by his refusal to face facts, dates, trends and influences should respect him for what he sets out to achieve, which is to describe his state of mind in the presence of a lemon or a fish by Braque. "Braque gives to lemons, grilled fish, and to tablecloths exactly the quality they would expect to have." Nonsense? Other critics who essay the evocative method, find themselves hopelessly involved in verbiage, but somehow Paulhan manages to wriggle out of nonsense with the aid of sensibility and brilliance.

Finally, I should like to recommend a book of drawings of Baroque Rome by Katerina Wilczynski, no tidy catalogue of the city, such as the guide-book, the camera or the architectural journal is designed to supply, but a fantastic kaleidoscope of buildings at the height of their glory, quivering like nervous antennae against the sky.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

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It is peculiarly appropriate that the first number of a new educational monthly should be published within a few weeks of the Ministry of Education announcing that it now requires local education authorities to prepare their development plans for further education. In requiring authorities to lay their plans within the next twelve months for an imaginative advance in vocational education, in the provision of facilities for liberal study, and in social and recreational opportunities of all kinds, the Ministry is making a demand which can only be described as colossal. The Ministry is, in effect, asking local education authorities to undertake forthwith the challenging task of assuming leadership in the co-operative enterprise of community education; and for this, if for no other reason, there is (as the publishers of *Further Education* claim) an urgent need for the full and frank discussion of experiments, ideas and problems.

There is ample evidence in the first number of this new publication—which is appropriately subtitled "A Monthly Review of Planning and Progress"—that the editorial policy is to seek to meet this need. Such well-known educationists as Dr. J. Macalister Brew, Dr. Marjorie Reeves, F. Bray and L. J. F. Brimble contribute lively and provocative articles on topics as varied as The Art of Listening, The Young Worker in Industry, The Regional Organization of Further Education, and The Future of Discussion Groups. In an admirable section devoted to contemporary arts, Roger Marvell writes on The Film and National Psychology, and Alan Jarvis discusses Radio-Theatre. *Further Education* can be warmly commended not only to educationists but to all interested in the development of education.

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Long years of over-work and under-nourishment. His nerves and his digestion both need a rest. A cup of Benger's Food every night for a couple of weeks. It soothes and strengthens the digestion. You sleep soundly, wake refreshed. There's nothing like Benger's for building you up.

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June, 1940, and September, 1944, is introduced by Mr. D. W. Brogan, whose high praise is no less deserved than authoritative. Tirelessly these leaders, based upon reason and a faith that came from knowledge, analysed and explained the intricate situation with a justice that in retrospect seems astonishing. The occasional criticisms of Allied policy towards France reveal the same lucid wisdom as the exposures of weakness in French political life. The book includes, it is true, a few outbursts of Liberal optimism about future toleration among those French who resisted side by side, and these time has already refuted. Mr. Brogan rightly declares that the intellectual virtues displayed here were nourished by the argument of the heart. We must add that an intimacy with French history is constantly employed to explain and to illustrate, and the literary style employed is startlingly superior to what we obtain usually in leading articles: it is persuasive because it is never pompous, inflated, misty or tainted with jargon.

Chindit Column 76. By W. A. WILCOX. *Longman.* 10s. 6d.

Chindit Column 76 is a rough, tough book on a rough, tough subject. The Chindits cannot be written about fragrantly. Unpleasant though it was to serve in any capacity in their uncomfortable campaign, the life in a Chindit Column marching, harrying, fighting, in impossible weather, over vicious country and without a base, was hell indeed. Mr. Wilcox, in his account of a battle in which a small party of British troops, completely cut-off, fought off innumerable Jap attacks, gives a very true idea of how dreadful jungle warfare could be. The sweat, the smell, the hunger, the thirst, the torture of constant skin diseases, the obscenity of the leeches, the constant wearing, despairing struggle against illness and against nature, that could be as malignant as any enemy, are all very adequately conveyed.

Week-end Competitions

No. 895

Competition Set by Saint-Loup.

Six guineas are offered for twelve lines of Chestertonian verse expressing the Pharisaical self-congratulations of a football-pool addict who neither smokes nor drinks. Entries by April 29.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 892

Set by Roger Marvell

The usual prizes are offered for 12 lines of rhymed advice to a young writer on how not to be "seriously worried" by the desire of his wife or mistress for nylon stockings.

Report by Roger Marvell

The letter which prompted this competition did not offer any reason for its extraordinary assumption. Are writers more indifferent than other men to the wishes of those they love? Or do they never lose their hearts save to girls who are indifferent to "nylons"? The competitors all agreed with me in finding both these hypotheses grotesque. Among the best entries were those from Horace B. Samuel, H.L.M., Maurice Cassel and Ronald Palin. I recommend a guinea each to Doggerello, R. J. P. Hewison, Allan M. Laing, and Stanley J. Sharpless, half a guinea each to G. R. Lamb and Xerxes, though the latter seems to me almost as innocent as the writer of the letter for it is usually just the dames who look most exciting in lisle who call most insistently for nylon.

"All men are beasts" she sobs, "but some have hose"—
And on her cheek fades the once lovely rose.
By taxes and by politics beset,
Young man, wilt thou attempt to please her yet?
And wouldst thou, for the flicker of her smile,
Walk through the noisome alleys for a mile?
Nay, turn not pale and wan; O do not wilt,
Take thou thy hand from off thy dagger's hilt:
For if thou'rt sure that betwixt thou and her
There hangs but this thin film of gossamer,
I will conduct thee, for a moderate fee,
To meet a man who sells them—coupon free.

DOGGERELLO

Fret not o nascent bard
Or novelist sued for nylon.
Obdure, the agony how hard
So e'er she pile on.

Perpend on higher things
Than feminine crural glamour:
The rush of Pegasean wings
Will drown her clamour.

If she in turn, thus crost,
Austerely thee refuses,
Take heart, thou hast one mistress lost,
There are nine Muses.

R. J. P. HEWISON

If your wife or your sweetheart wants nylon, don't swoon
Or contemplate *felo de se*:
From the earliest times folk have wished for the moon
And calmly gone on with their tea;
But remember: be chary of telling your Mary
(Or Joyce, or whatever she's called)
That while she's got lisle on she doesn't need nylon,
For that is the way to get mauled.
Swap your job (how much finer!) for that of a miner:
Give up making pothooks for fame!
In the course of your duty you'll no doubt get sooty,
But She will be rescued from shame!

ALLAN M. LAING

The fancies boiling in your head and heart
Will one day, I've no doubt, a fortune win;
There is a tide in the affairs of art—
But what's to do until the tide comes in?

Art has no patrons now, you say with venom;
But that's a big mistake; it has, indeed;
And talent such as yours, may earn at Denham
The cash, if not the kudos, that you need.

Writers, once hangers-on of Wealth and Fame,
For livelihood had Privilege to thank;
To-day the situation's much the same,
But now they turn, more hopefully, to Rank

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

You say she threw your new book at your head,
And mention of your art makes her see red,
Now that she's learned that miners' wives, this spring,
Will clothe their coarse limbs in that fabled stocking?
Remind her gently that she's not your wife;
Recall her vows to lead the higher life;
"Freedom from stale conventions" was your adage:
You two were called to higher things than marriage.
If beastly legal slavery has this prize
(Tell her) she must not show ill-bred surprise,
But scorn such low respectability
By keeping her legs pure and nylon-free.

G. R. LAMB

When you haven't got no money
Better choose the sort of honey
That finds it easy to go gay on
Rayon.

If you're the sort of poppa
Without cutaways and topper
Your sweetie must be hot on
Cotton.

Guys who live by writing
Should take dames that look exciting,
When they can't get any nylon,
With lisle on.

XERXES

RARE

like all good whiskies nowadays, Johnnie Walker has to rely upon precious reserves for all present supplies.

GOOD

whisky is not made in a day. Even when distilling is 'going strong' again, maturing cannot be hurried, and must take some years.

WHISKY

as good as Johnnie Walker will inevitably be scarce for some time; but the days of plenty will come again!

JOHNNIE WALKER

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

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CVS-63

Company Meeting

UNITED KINGDOM PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

THE annual general meeting of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution will be held on 23rd April, 1947, at the head office, 33, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

The following is extracted from the statement by the Chairman, SIR ERNEST J. P. BENN, BT., circulated with the report and accounts:—

LOSS ON NATIONALISATION

The institution has yet to experience the full effects of the nationalisation policy now actively engaging the attention of Parliament and the Government. We hold between three and four millions of stocks which have been, or are due to be, compulsorily exchanged into what are called gilt-edged securities. In some cases, as for instance coal, it will take time before the loss of income caused by the exchange can be accurately measured. In others, such as railways, it is possible to make close estimates on the assumption that the schemes now before Parliament reach the final stages without amendment. With gas and electricity we still await the detailed proposals, but when all these risks are added together the loss of income to be suffered by the institution may well be in the neighbourhood of £100,000 per annum. The nationalisation of further industries would, of course, enlarge the loss: £100,000 is 7½ per cent. of our total income from all our investments, including mortgage interest and rents: if quoted Stock Exchange securities are the basis of the calculation, then 15 per cent. is the nearer measure of loss of income with which we are threatened.

The accumulated funds of the institution amount in round figures to £30,000,000 and the sums assured by our policies total £65,000,000. The interest on our funds, added to our premium income, has therefore to provide rather more than half of the total benefits which our members look to receive as and when their policies qualify for claims. It follows that if interest rates fall, rates of premium must rise. The shallow impression that cheap money is only a matter of concern to the wealthy should be corrected by a wider knowledge of the affairs of provident trusts such as ours. The average value of our policies on maturity is £700 and the average personal share in our total funds is seen to be, at the present cash value, a little over £300. The loss of £100,000 a year interest may be thought to be of minor importance to a great life office whose financial position is impregnable, but if that loss is considered as a new tax of a pound a year upon all those thrifty people who in their careful way have accumulated a capital sum of £300, one of the results of the nationalisation of industry becomes easier to understand.

Cheap money, against which I have always protested, has provided us with a very considerable enhancement or inflation of capital values, but the calculations on which insurance contracts are based are concerned almost entirely with income. A low rate of premium assumes a high rate of interest and vice versa; a good bonus is contingent upon a good income earning capacity.

BONUS YEAR

This is the last year of another valuation period, and at the end of it the Board will review the financial position of the institution and decide what surplus funds may properly be given to the members as bonus additions to the sums assured by their policies. So far as can be seen at the present time, and should 1947 prove equal to 1945 and 1946, the distribution of a good bonus for the three years 1945-47 is assured. Our mortality experience has again been favourable, and by judicious management of the funds the interest yield has been slightly increased. In accordance with our established practice, new policies completed during 1947 will participate in any bonus that may be declared.

Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY of Leeds, Dept. of Educ. Council invites applics. for Chair of Educ., at a salary of £1,450 a year, with effect on October 1. Further partics. sent on request. Applics. should reach Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, by May 1.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds, Dept. of Educ. Applics. invited for post of Lecturer in Educ. Psychology at a salary on scale £550-£25-£600; initial salary may be above minimum. It is hoped that appointment will be effective from October 1. Further partics. on request. Applics. should reach Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, by May 1.

UNIV. of Leeds. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applics. invited for posts of Staff Tutors for adult education. Candidates should be qualified to take University Tutorial Classes in one or more of the foll.: Philosophy, Political Science, History, Economics, International Relations. Initial salary according to qualifics. and exp. will be on salary scale, Grade C £400-£500, or Grade B £550-£700, with child allowance and membership of the Federated Superann. System for Universities. Applics. should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further partics. may be obtained), by April 30.

QUEEN'S Univ. of Belfast. Applics. invited for two Lectureships, one in Mathematics and another in Mathematical Physics. Salary £500, rising by annual increments of £25 to £625 p.a., with possible extension to £800, with contributory pension rights under F.S.S.U. The initial point on the salary scale will depend on qualifics. and exp. of the successful candidate. He will be expected to take up duty on October 1, 1947, or such later date as may be arranged. Ten copies of applics. should reach Richard H. Hunter, Secretary, not later than May 1, 1947, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CITY of Leicester Museum and Art Gallery. Applics. invited for appointments to the Keeperships of undermentioned departments of the Museum and Art Gallery. 1. Biology. 2. Antiquities; 3. Art. Salary in each case will be in accordance with Natl. Joint Council scale, A.P.T. Division, Grades IV-VI (£420-£600), subject to efficiency bars at end of Grade IV and Grade V, plus cost-of-living bonus, at present £59 16s. p.a. (male), and £48 2s. p.a. (female). Appointments will be subject to provisions of Natl. Joint Council's Scheme of Conditions of Service, and of the Local Govt. Officers' Superann. Acts. Selected candidates will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. Candidates must be grads. in an appropriate subject of a British Univ. or have equiv. qualifics., and the possession of the Diploma of the Museums Assocn. will be considered an additional qualific. Exp. of museum or art gallery work is essential. Applics., accompanied by copies of not more than three testimonials and endorsed with the words "Keeper of Biology (or Antiquities or Art)" as appropriate, must reach M. B. Hodge, Director, Museum and Art Gallery, New Walk, Leicester, not later than April 28 next.

SCHOOL of Oriental and African Studies. Univ. of London, W.C.1. A Lectureship in Phonetics has been instituted to further development of studies in the languages of East Africa. Candidates for the post will not be reqd. in the first instance to know any of these languages, but must be prepared to undergo such training as the School may require. Applics. invited from grads. of British Universities not more than thirty years of age, who may be able to show some proof of ability and aptitude for the work. Candidates expecting to graduate at end of the current session may apply. Applics., giving names of two refs. who can speak from personal knowledge of the candidate's linguistic ability and aptitude should reach the Secretary by June 30, 1947.

CIVIL Service Commission. Applics. invited for 8 posts at the Duke of York's Royal Military School, Dover (residential secondary school) of quald. graduate assistant masters for subjects as follows: 1. Science (to Higher School Cert.). 2. French. 3. Geography (to Higher School Cert.). 4. English and History in Junior and Middle School. 5. French and English in Junior and Middle School. 6. General form subjects in Junior and Middle School. 7. Music and Junior Form subjects. 8. Art. Burnham scale of salary is applicable to these posts. Single and married accomm. available. Full partics. of posts and applic. form from the Under Secretary of State, the War Office (A.E.1), 45 Eaton Sq. London, S.W.1. Applic. forms to War Office (A.E.1) by April 28.

ELIZABETH Fry Centenary Fund. Training Scheme for Neglectful Mothers. Wardens reqd. by voluntary organisation for an experimental residential centre about to be started in the country 40 miles from London. Purpose of the centre will be the social rehabilitation of a small group of women together with their children. Pref. given to a man and wife for the joint post, but other applicants considered. Applicants should have had considerable exp. in social work, particularly with problem families and also should possess organising ability and capacity to run a residential hostel on homely lines. Knowledge of research methods an advantage. Sal. £500 p.a. with married quarters and board and lodging. Position offers scope for persons of outstanding ability and vision. Applics. should be received by April 20 by Secretary, Elizabeth Fry Centenary Fund, 21 Bloomsbury St. W.C.1.

THAIGELEY School, Thelwall, Nr. Warrington. Two teachers reqd. at this co-ed. Special School for Maladjusted Children. Interesting and rewarding work for those with prog. ideas, energy and concern for intel. and difficult children. Burnham Scale, addtl. increment for Spec. School. Apply: J. Edward Ford, Headmaster.

Appointments Vacant—continued

ST. Mary's Hospital, London, W.2. Applics. invited for post of Educ. Psychologist (part-time). Successful candidate will be required to attend in Dept. of Psychiatry for purpose of intelligence estimations. One session p.w., which may later be extended to three sessions weekly. Salary 2 gns. per session. Attendance at Paddington Green Children's Hospital may also subsequently be required. Applics., stating qualifics. and exp., by May 3, to W. Parkes, House Governor.

L.C.C. Reqd. at Stamford House Remand Home, 460a, Goldhawk Rd., Shepherd's Bush, W.12 (accom. for 120 boys who are awaiting appearance before, or on remand from, a Juvenile Court or awaiting placing in an approved school), Quald. Assistant Masters (non-res.). The Home is in process of being developed as an Observation Centre. Pref. given to candidates who (a) have some qualifics. in psychology and are expd. in mental and scholastic testing of pupils, or (b) can offer some of the following special subjects: Music; Handicraft; Art; Gardening; P.T. and games. Burnham scale salaries with two increments throughout scale carried beyond the max., plus London allowance. Applic. forms (stamped add. env. necs.) from Educ. Officer (S.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by Apr. 25. (797.)

ROYAL Empire Society Library, Northumberland Ave., W.C.2. Applics. invited for vacant post of Chief Cataloguer. Trng. and exp. essential, degree desirable. Sal. com. £300-£340. Applics. to Librarian within 14 days.

DERBY Educ. Ctee. Bemrose School (Secondary Grammar—800 Boys). Reqd. in Sept., Senior Geography Master to organise the subject throughout the School to Higher School Cert. and Univ. Scholarship standard. Salary, Burnham Award with Special Responsibility Allowance in accordance with qualifics. Applics. (no form issued), stating age, qualifics., details of training, exp., etc., together with copies of 3 recent testimonials, to be forwarded at once to C. Middleton, Director of Education, Educ. Office, Council House, Corporation St., Derby.

CLUB Leader (woman) for mixed club in Hackney. Salary £250 p.a. to commence. Unfurn. accom. available. Applics. to Employment Officer, N.A.G.C. & M.C., 30-32 Devonshire St. W.1.

OXFORD. Quald. Lady Warden reqd., Sept., for entire charge (with assistant) small Domestic School of 12 res. students, estab. 1938. Rooms in holidays if desired. Apply Margaret Lee, M.A., Wychwood School.

ENGLISH Master (Mistress), confident of his ability to guide children in enlarged co-ed. school, where prog. education is attempted in harmony with the culture and beauty of its setting. Painting, crafts an asset. Vacancy also for intelligent person, able to undertake matron's duties. Scope for applic. of psychological knowledge Box 2041.

REQD. immediately, Housemistress for School of 20 girls (ages 15-19), who are specially selected for secondary education and prof. and business training. Sal. according to age or qualifics. in accordance with Home Office Scale. Minimum £290 less £78 board-res. Write: Headmistress, Ellerslie Hall Approved School, Leeds, 1, for applic. form.

NURSERY School Teachers (women) or expd. Warden Teachers holding C.C.R. Certificate are wanted for non-resident posts in Church of England Children's Socy. Nurseries in various parts of the country. Holidays and pay are on Burnham scale for qualified teachers, or on M. of H. scale for Warden Teachers. Applics. to Secretary, 10/1, Church of England Children's Socy. (Waifs and Strays), Old Town Hall, Kennington Rd. S.E.11.

WANTED for progressive co-educational school West of England, Pottery and Crafts specialist. Box 6398.

HOUSEMISTRESS reqd. Bedales School (co-educ.), Petersfield, Sept. Housemistress has full control of girls' house (90, ages 12-18); some teaching desirable. Wide exp. and interests, not necessarily confined to school, valuable qualifics. Age pref. 30-35, not over 40. Write, full partics., to Headmaster.

SHERWOOD School, Epsom, requires in Sept., Teacher for Maths. and Science (partic. Biology); also for Music and Movement, appreciation, and singing (poss. part-time).

REQD. September, qualified Nursery Teacher for children 4-6 yrs., progressive school. Apply Fortis Green School, Fortis Green, London, N.2.

QUALIFIED lady bookkeeper reqd. for firm of Fine Art Publishers. Hours 10-5.30. Write or tel. for appointment: Soho Gallery, Ltd., 18 Soho Sq. London, W.1. GER. 6841.

WANTED, Clerk for London office of theatrical assocn. Must be dependable and able to use typewriter. Special knowledge desirable but not essent. Must be interested in theatre work. Write stating qualifics. Box 6318.

WANTED, energetic Appeal Organisers with initiative for prominent Jewish Charity. Sal. in accord. with qualifics. Box 6428.

SHORTHAND-Typist (woman) reqd. for Editorial dept. of prof. weekly paper in Bloomsbury distr. Good speeds and good educ. essential. Tel. Holborn 8967 for appointment.

Appointments Wanted

EX-R.A.F. pilot, 24, strong and well, wants real job, home or abroad; any offers? Box 6879.

EFFICIENT secretary would like part-time work. Box 5262.

YNG. woman journalist, Eng., French, Ger., Italian, exp. sec. work, trav. widely, shs. int. post overseas. Box 5833.

INTERESTING job reqd. by yng. man, ex-R.A.F., age 32, Public School, administrative exp., fit, trustworthy, adaptable, willing travel. Box 6128.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Open all year round. Facing south and by the sea. Bathing from hotel. H. and c. in all bedrooms. Tel.: Bude 147.

LEAMINGTON Spa. Dble. bedroom (Slumberland bed), priv. sitting-rm., piano, radio, mod. house. Convenient stns., bus routes. Breakfast, dinner. £3 10s. per wk. Box 5392.

GUESTS taken at Farmhouse during summer, £5 p.w. incl., priv. sit. rm. Comf. beds. Beautiful hill country nr. Sx. border, easy reach Lond. Stabling for horses. Mrs. Lee, Kitlands Farm, Coldharbour, Nr. Dorking, Sy.

PENRALLT, Trefriw. Hill-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, heart of Welsh mountains. Remote position nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Good food. Friendly, informal atmos. 4/5 gns. Bonner, Llanrwst 166.

A SHORT rest and change will enable many people to carry on. Lovely, peaceful surrdgs., tranquil atmos. Tennis, squash, many unique features await you at Langdale Estate (N.), Gt. Langdale, Nr. Ambleside. Gras. 82.

SOCIALIST Guest House in beautiful Ribble Valley (Lancs). Peaceful holidays, enlarged mod. farmhouse. Home cooking. Full board, £4 10s. Stamped env. for brochure. "Clarion House," Clayton-le-Dale, nr. Blackburn.

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MANSION Hotel, Eastbourne's Luxury Hotel, Grand Parade. Re-furnd., finest cuisine, every conv. Private suites arranged.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon, mod. comfort; fishing, tennis; splendid centre on main line from Paddington. Tel. Kingham 209.

BOURNEMOUTH'S loveliest private hotel, "Miramar," East Overcliff. H. & C. basins, telephones all bedrooms, lift, lock-ups, night porter. Resident Proprietors, Bournemouth 1081.

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Schools

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CLEDDON School, Stanley Park, nr. Stroud, Glos. Progressive co-educational boarding-school offering individual tuition by modern methods in an atmosphere of homely freedom. Entire charge taken if desired. Ages 5-14. Children received for holiday visits.

ELMTREES, Great Missenden, Bucks, nursery and prep. home school: co-ed. from 3, increased accommodation providing early vacancies. Principal: Miss M. K. Wilson.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

FORMOSA School, Epping House, Nr. Hertford, takes boys and girls from 6 to 13, boarding and day. Quaker ideas. Trained staff. Well recommended. (Mrs.) Lucia Beamish, B.A., A.R.C.M., Essenden 341.

LAGGAN (formerly Hall Manor, Peebles). Co-ed. Individual. International. Glorious West Coast country, easy access from North, South, Ireland, I. of Man. Improved amenities. Write Laggan, Ballantrae, Ayrshire, Scotland.

OAKLEA School (recog.), Buckhurst Hill, Essex. Girls 8-18. P.N.E.U., Oxford Exam. Centre. Acting Principal, Beatrice L. Searl.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. Home school for boys and girls, 3 to 13, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness.—Elizabeth Strachan. Tel. Ware 52.

PROBLEM Children accepted at Sladnor Park School, Maidencombe, Newton Abbot, Devon. Prospectus from Tom and Alice Moon.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1950 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Timothy's School, Dawlish, Devon. Boys between 4 and 14 years. A sound educational preparation for Public and County Secondary School is given in ideal surroundings. Miss Stookes. National Froebel Union.

SHERWOOD School (Epsom 9125).—A co-educ. community, aiming at indep., initiative and friendliness. Schl., Higher Certs.; boarding, day (exc. centre for Wimbledon, Sutton, Kingston, Leatherhead).

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Co-educational prog. school for boarders and day children. Tel. Forest Row 189.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. 100 boys and girls 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome vigorous community life; training in disciplined co-operation, and practical social responsibility. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11/12 Clifford St. W.1. Regent 2083. Founded 1901.

Personal

LETTICE Ramsey, photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt) Studio, 9 Ladbroke Terrace, W.11. 4 minutes, Notting Hill Gate. Appointments by telephone: Park 6513.

Personal—continued

PRINTING business or suitable premises in or easy reach London, wanted urgently. Min. 4000-5000 sq. ft. Box 6094.

INFANTILE Paralysis Fellowship. Will some kind sympathiser help find ground-floor office (if lift, floor immaterial). Urgent. I.P.F., 18 Nassau St. W.1. MUS. 7148.

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WHITSUN Holiday: Join a small party of young professional and university people and you will enjoy the holiday even more. Switzerland, Paris and several parties in Essex and Sussex, also holidays in Switzerland, Scandinavia, etc., later. Box 1876.

PLAYS wanted by Eureka Dramatic Agency. Write 20 Buckingham St. W.C.2. No reading fee.

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THE men who brought us final victory may count on the help of the British Legion in times of adversity, after Service. Please help them by a legacy to Haig's Fund, Richmond, Surrey.

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